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WHERE WE PARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Where we parted sunlight lingers
On the lawn beside the lake;
Still I feel her dimpled fingers,
Watching where the wavelets break.
Darling Addie, pure and saintly.
Dearest love of manhood's years,
Still I see her sweet face faintly
Through the clouding mist of tears.

Only for a day we parted—
Hours would give her back again;
Tender girlhood, loving-hearted.
Ah! the hours were full of pain.
Hand clasped hand, good-bye was spoken,
On my being fell a blight,
For the silence is unbroken
Which she left with me that night.

On the lake the lights and shadows
Just as ever come and go,
Star-eyed daisies in the meadows
Blossom just as long ago.
Darling Addie, dimpled fingers
Clasp no more beside the lake,
On her eyelids slumber lingers
Which the ripples may not break.

REAH,
OR A LIFE FOR A LOVE.

A Story of Friendship Betrayed, Retribution and Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY MELVILLE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

Flies were made for spiders,
And spiders make webs for flies.

The morning following the night of the conversation recorded in our last, Mr. Jasper Vermont ordered out the small traveling carriage—Adrien's stables and coach-horses were always at his disposal—and returned to London. "He had business to do," he left word for Adrien, "settlements to make at Tattersall's, but he would be back as soon as possible." So, with a coachman and a footman, Mr. Jasper Vermont journeyed to London, serene, placid, and filled with that satisfaction which most men experience when they are about to lavish other folks' money. At the Park House Mr. Jasper dismissed the carriage and the servants, and, most respectfully received by the servants, who looked upon him as Grand Vizier to their Sultan, Adrien, partook of a light but expensive luncheon, and then, with one of his friend's choicest regalias, strolled through the park. The loungers and idlers who knew him nodded with a forced smile of friendship. It is politic to be friendly and cordial with the man who has the confidence of the leader of fashion. Those who did not looked after him, and seemed to half nod with that air which says so plainly: "There goes a wealthy, prosperous man." Mr. Jasper's hat was off half-a-dozen times a minute to the ladies of his acquaintance, his face wreathed in a perpetual smile of recognition. Presently, when he had nearly reached the Arch, he met a lounger with a face as long and doleful as a professed undertaker's. Mr. Jasper stopped him.

"Well, Beau, how do you do? Been committing murder, or have you married?"

"Neither," answered the exquisite, a captain in the "Household," one of the fastest and most-liked fellows of the day—"neither, Jasper, but I've just come from the city."

"City of the Tombs!" drawled Mr. Jasper facetiously.

Captain Beauclerc laughed, but rather mournfully.

"Yes; all my hopes are buried there. Beastly place! They ought to stick over the west side of Temple Bar: 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.'"

Mr. Vermont laughed.

"Well, what's the matter with it, Beau—won't it lend you any more cash?"

"Worse," said the young spendthrift. "It actually wants me to repay what I owe it already."

"Oh!" remarked Mr. Jasper simply, but his "oh" was full of meaning—and sympathy.

"Yes. That hard-hearted old flint Harker—what a wretch he is!—I should like to bury him. I'm sure he isn't alive, unless he's the living skeleton. Such a bag of skin, bones and hard-heartedness! Well, there's a pretty little tot-up in the way of bills he holds of mine, and of course I expected to have 'em renewed, as usual."

"Yes," said Mr. Jasper, "of course, as you have been having them re-done for the last three years?"

Captain Beauclerc nodded.

"You bet—the old fellow shakes that long head and says 'No!' and all I could say wouldn't change it. You know the cock-and-bull story he tells? It's always: 'Well, Captain Beauclerc, I should be glad to serve you in the matter, but I am not the principal here. I am a servant—a servant only. My principal bade me call your bills in, and I am compelled to do so. I can but obey. It is not in my power to grant your request. The bills must be called in—and the usual steps taken if you are unable to meet them!'"

Mr. Jasper laughed quietly, but with sarcastic enjoyment.

"Of course; that's the money-lender's stereotyped excuse. He is never the principal—always puts the screw on by another man's order. Poor Beau, I'm afraid he'll sell you up."

Captain Beauclerc whistled.

"It will be a terrific crash for Lord Vane, you know, Jasper. He can't give us younger ones anything more than a small allowance, and it comes hard upon him when we turn up like this."

"What's the amount?" asked Mr. Jasper.

"Not much," replied the Captain. "Only seven thousand. But why do you ask?" he added with a faint eagerness. "Do you think you can help me?"

"Well ——" said Mr. Jasper slowly, eyeing his cigar meditatively.

"I know one way," said the troubled debtor, "and that is to get Adrien Leroy to back the bills; but I can't ask him."

"But I can," said Mr. Jasper, smiling with conscious power; "and I'll do it for you, Beau."

"You will!" exclaimed the Captain gratefully, almost forgetting the impassibility which his order considered so necessary. "You will! Jasper, you're a brick. I'm sure he'll do it for you. What a fine fellow you are!"

"Ah," said Mr. Jasper with a smile; "but will old Harker take Leroy's name?"

"Why, of course—who wouldn't?" asked the guardsman, the cloud dispelled from his brow. "It's as good as the Bank of England. Harker take it? Only try him! What would he get by selling me up? Nothing."

"True," said Mr. Jasper pleasantly. "You're not worth the price of that old broom, are you, Beau? Well, I'll do it for you. Going to Lady Eveline's to-night? Yes? Then we shall meet again at Philippi. Till then farewell."

And with a shake of his fat, smooth hand, the benevolent Mr. Jasper went smiling on his way. None knew where Mr. Jasper really lived. He had his private apartments in Adrien Leroy's Park-lane house, and in Adrien's quarters at the castle four out of the immense number of rooms were kept as, and called, Mr. Vermont's suite. But of the locality of that particular morsel of the globe which Mr. Vermont sanctified by the name of "home" everyone—Adrien included—was ignorant. If questioned on the subject, it was Mr. Jasper's custom to answer lightly:

"Home? What does such a waif, such a jetsam and flotsam of the world's tide want with a home? My dear fellow"—or "madame," if the locutor happened to be a lady—"if you want me, I am at either of these three places: Leroy's town house, the club, or Barminster Castle."

And to either of these places his fashionable acquaintances directed their inquiries for him. But Mr. Jasper had a home, and it consisted of two rooms on the first floor of an unpretentious house in Mount street. Small, very plainly furnished they were, and without the pretension to that luxury without which Mr. Jasper had often declared he should find it impossible to live. Here he could find shelter at any time of the night, for he possessed a pass-key, and by his orders the bed was kept continually aired. It was no uncommon thing for the maid who waited on him to leave the rooms tenantless at night, and find them occupied when she rose to open the house, Mr. Jasper having returned in the dead of night, silent and noiseless.

The second morning after his sudden flight to town, Mr. Jasper sat in his sitting-room before a breakfast so plain that his fashionable acquaintances would have stared in astonishment and doubted ocular demonstration. Mr. Jasper Vermont, the epicure, the connoisseur of sauces and the authority on Perigod's, breakfasting oft a plain, underdone chop and some liquid produced from grinding and boiling dried beans—alias coffee! Could it be? Yes, it was. Mr. Jasper boasted to himself that he could adapt himself to circumstances, enjoy expensive cuisines at his friends' expense, and exist on, and even enjoy, the plainest diet at his own. Before him, crowding the small table, were piles of letters, sheets of closely-written foolscap, slips of memorandum forms.

Standing before him was a short, thin man, dressed in black. This man was remarkable for two things. Firstly, for the extreme pallor of his face; secondly, for the sharp, restless, yet greedy look of his eyes. He was fearfully thin, and his clothes, of black hue and seedy, much-worn condition, heightened his meagre appearance. He stood, one bony hand thrust in his waistcoat, his eyes fixed on the ground. There was a look of such profound humility, fear, deprecation, on his face, that his relation in sentiment to the placid-faced Mr. Jasper, who sat voraciously devouring his chop, could not have been more markedly servile and deprecative if he had thrown himself upon the ground and whined to his master to tread upon and spurn him. While Mr. Jasper finished his chop and drank the remains of his coffee, the man never moved, never raised his eyes—he simply waited patiently, doggedly, with the servile obsequiousness of a spaniel. Mr. Jasper pushed his plate away, wiped his thin, mobile lips with his table-napkin, and drew the heap of papers towards him. With keen eyes and quick brain he grasped the multiplicity of facts they set forth, checked the long column of figures, struck the balances, and, with a nod of satisfaction, looked up at the man waiting for a word to be thrown to him.

"All right, Harker, as far as I see; and, as you know, that's all the way, and a little beyond. A decent balance; but we must do better than that. Now, where's the private lists?"

"Here, sir," said the man in a dry, rasping voice, very quiet, but very clear, like the creaking of an old, rusty-hinged door.

"Where?—oh, yes, I see. Now, let me see. Oh, Pomfrey has come to us, has he? Writing poetry is not a paying game, eh? or is it the fine, grand company that runs away with the golden counters? Well, all fish, or idiots, that come to our net, eh, no matter what wind drives them? Thirty per cent. from Pomfrey; no more?"

"I could not get any more, sir," said Mr. Harker earnestly. "I tried, tried hard, indeed I did, sir! I would not give in until he threatened to go to another office."

"Hem! well, I suppose it's the truth, though of course all money-lenders are rogues! and you're a money-lender, you know."

And Mr. Jasper looked up for a moment to laugh at the logical joke.

"Who backs his paper? The Marquis—oh, oh—and my lord is pretty deeply on our books already, isn't he? What are his statistics?"

"Here, sir," said Mr. Harker, taking a paper from the heap.

Mr. Jasper glanced at it, and laid it down with an evil smile.

"Oh, he's good for more than that, Harker; but be cautious. We'll lend him money for another ten thousand, but put another five per cent. on—another five per cent. on. Marquises must pay, to set the fashion to commoner folk. By the way, Captain Beauclerc ——"

"Whose bills you instructed me to call in, sir?"

"Yes; well, I've promised to intercede for him with you, and to get Mr. Leroy to back the renewal. Hah! hah! what fun it is! Poor idiot! He shook my hand with the gratitude of a Damon! Mr. Leroy will back the renewal, and you will let it run. Beauclerc's the second son, Lord Vane is on his last legs, and the eldest won't live another year. We can come down like kites when the gallant Captain has the title and estates. Till then we'll wait, but stick out for another two and a half per cent. Make the calves bleed, Harker—make 'em bleed."

"And in the matter of the young artist Wilson, sir?"

"Eh, Wilson? Oh, yes. You sell him up to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; that was your command. He called yesterday, and pleaded for another week. His wife is dying; they are starving. He begs hard for another week."

"Stuff, another week; the dog means another year. He should have thought of the time for repaying when he was borrowing. Another week—not another hour. Sell him up to-morrow! Mind, I say it. The dissolute dog! Did I not hear him call me a 'parasite from the pavement,' one night at a ball? Screens have ears, Mr. Wilson, and parasites have memories. Sell him up—do you hear, Harker?"

"I do, sir; it shall be done," replied the man meekly.

"And now for Leroy's account. Ha!" and with a gleam of fiendish delight he scrutinized the figures and statements. "Hah! you are getting them in fast."

"All Mr. Leroy's bills we are getting in—buying up wherever they are to be met with, sir, according to your instructions."

"Right; get him into your hands—you know how, and be prepared for—you know what!"

Mr. Harker inclined his head as a Hindoo half-caste does to a first-class Brahmin.

"And now for the women. Hah! hah! dear creatures of butterflies will come upon the nasty, sticky papers that were meant to catch the blue-bottles only. Well, then, they must take the consequences. What! the Countess Merivale—the fair Eveline—the disciple of De Musset, and one of Leroy's loves! She want to borrow money?"

"She dabbles in the Stock Exchange. I know her business-man; he owes us money, sir, and we know his secrets. She has been losing lately. She has deposited her diamonds, sir ——"

"Her diamonds? The famous Merivale diamonds? Where are they?"

"Here, sir;" and Mr. Harker produced from his long pocket a shallow morocco case, which he tendered with all due humility to his employer.

Mr. Jasper Vermont opened the case, and gazed on them with twinkling eyes; then, shutting it with a laugh, he leant back in his chair, and rubbed his fat, smooth hands over his chin.

"And what will her ladyship do for them? And when were those left? I saw her last night, and by Heaven! she wore ——"

"Paste imitations, sir. I had them made up for her. Did you think the counterfeit good?"

"Capital! Oh, is it not rich? That old idiot must have eyed her proudly, and gloated over his Merivale diamonds on his beautiful wife's fair bosom, little guessing they were Mr. Harker's tawdry glass mockeries! Capital, Harker! but take care—take care. Remember Madame the Duchesse, who brought her jewels to pledge, and discovered that they were paste already, and that the Duke had done the transmutation before her. Beware!"

"I am careful, sir—I am careful, very. I do not think—I trust—there have been no losses, even small ones. I do my best, sir, indeed I do my best."

"Well, I believe you. You keep up appearances, do you? Never forgot to urge upon them that you are only a subordinate, that you have a principal, and act only on his instructions! The more you assert it, the more they'll think it a falsehood. Keep it up, Harker, and then—well, you know how I keep my promise. By the way, how is the little Lucy?"

As he spoke the name, half scornfully, quite indifferently, a visible change came over the man—his tool and puppet. His face became paler, if that were possible, his head dropped lower, his whole figure dropped forward in deepest dejection, fear, supplication.

"Well, sir, quite well, and deeply grateful for your kindness, your mercy," he said, wetting his dry lips.

"Ah, and well she may be, young hussy. A fine thing for her! Married and respectable.

"REAH."—Johann Wilfer, raising his unsteady hand, aimed a blow at her. She dodged it, and went up to her garret.

Ah, if that soft-hearted, simple little husband of hers knew all I know! Strange that I should have dropped onto her and that young first lover of hers down in that quiet country place! Strange, wasn't it? Now, I dare say they thought they were as safe as at the bottom of the sea. Didn't think Mr. Jasper Vermont, a friend of the family, could be stopping at the same hotel. Young dog, he ought to have married her. Better that he didn't, eh? Yet that weak, amiable little grocer, innocent and unsuspecting, lets her have it all her own way, and believes her just a little purer and whiter than the angels! Ah! ah! clever little thing, Lucy. Makes him think she loves him, I dare say."

"My poor child loves her husband better than her own life, sir," breathed the father. "Oh, sir, have pity on her! She is so happy—they love each other so! She is my own flesh and blood! Forget that cursed night, that fiend who led her astray. Forget that she is anything but the wife of an honest man. Oh, sir, have mercy!"

"Well, Harker, I will. I'm all mercy. Do your duty by me, and I won't go down and tell the story of that night to Lucy's good little grocer husband. But don't ask me to forget, my good fellow, for that's folly! I never forget!"

The man's head dropped on his breast, and with a quiet, helpless gesture he wiped the great beads of perspiration from his white forehead.

"Thank you, sir—thank you, sir. I'll do my duty. I'll work for you like a slave, like a dog. I'll give my life if you require it, but spare my child—my poor Lucy!"

Mr. Jasper Vermont leaned back in his chair and regarded the man's agony with quiet amusement and enjoyment for a few minutes; then he gathered the papers together, put them into the drawer of his safe, locked it with a Bramah key, and dismissed Mr. Harker with a nod.

"You can go. Don't forget the Leroy paper, renew Beauclerc, but sell that artist scamp to the last stick and stone. Hah! hah! parasites can bite as well as cling, Mr. Wilson."

CHAPTER XII.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

Mr. Johann Wilfer, to whom we beg leave to introduce our readers, was by profession a picture "toner"—or, in other words, a member of a gang of ingenious rascals who imitated the less-known gems of the old masters, and palmed them off on the public and wealthy collectors as genuine. The impostures were very rarely got up, and quite a little system was instituted to bring them to a state of perfection. Of that system Mr. Johann—who was by birth of Germany, where such artistic shams are most immensely manufactured—undertook the part of "toning"—that is, giving to the imitations the necessary mistiness and discoloration supposed to be produced by age. He was very clever at his work, and the gang never dared to put out a picture without his aid.

The way in which a mock Rubens, Titian, or some other great masterpiece was manufactured was the following: One man, most noted for figures, would paint the subject; another, who could best depict drapery, clothed the figures; another, more apt at foliage, supplied the trees, if there were any; and the skies and landscape fell to the lot of the members of the gang best qualified for that portion of the picture. When the artists had finished, the picture was handed to Mr. Wilfer, who set to work with various oils, tints and chemicals, and gave it the smoky, creamy tone which distinguish the great originals. Then the picture was completed, and a purchaser sent for. Of course the disposal of the sham was not the easiest part of the swindle, and here again Mr. Wilfer played an important part.

Dressed as a respectable mechanic or a decayed city clerk, he would commence the attack by waiting upon some wealthy art-collector, and, pitching a doleful tale of privation and want, state that he had the old picture hanging up in his room, which he would like to sell, and which he implored the wealthy collector to purchase. The dupe, always enthusiastic, would, as a rule, jump at the bait, and hasten in a cab to Mr. Wilfer's house in Soho, or to the residence of some other member of the gang, where the cunningly-executed imposition hung, carefully covered with dust, and looking as old as Adam. A price was named, and Mr. Wilfer would seem to accept. But, before the time approached for the delivery of the picture, the poor clerk or mechanic would call again, and state, with great delight, that another man, to whom he had applied before he had the honor of seeing the present intending purchaser, had suddenly offered him a much larger sum than the collector offered, and asked what was he to do. The collector, very much alarmed lest he should lose the prize, usually bid over the supposed rival, the picture was delivered and paid for, and the gang shared the spoil.

Now, Mr. Wilfer might have thriven—as dishonesty generally does thrive, notwithstanding all the copybook mottoes—but for one besetting sin, and that was intemperance. His greatest idea of enjoyment was to be in a state of drunkenness from Sunday morning to Saturday night. This course of perpetual intoxication had made its marks upon Mr. Wilfer's countenance, which, though not one looking at the mottled face and bleared eyes would believe it, had been a by no means unpleasing one in his youth.

Mr. Wilfer had been a handsome young scamp, always fond of his glass, and always leading a dissolute, ruinous life since he had run away from school and broken his good mother's heart. She had not been the only one to love him, for before the good looks had been washed out by strong drink he had won the heart of a simple little country-girl named Lucy Goodwin. Lucy believed her lover to be everything that was good and clever, and trusted him to the extent of her own betrayal. Under some pretence the young scoundrel had enticed her to Canterbury, and there had proved himself the ruffian he was by betraying the confiding girl, and deserting her a few weeks after. She was the only daughter of a widower, a clerk in a country bank, who, broken-hearted at his daughter's ruin, threw up his situation, changed his name, and, accompanied by the poor weak girl, fled to London, there to hide his misery and his child. Alas! before he had been there a month a dark, smooth-faced gentleman appeared at their quiet lodgings, announced that he knew of the girl's escapades, and threatened to proclaim her shame if Mr. Harker, as Mr. Goodwin was now called, did not bend himself to his will. What could the tortured father do but submit?

In a month after the interview a new money-lending firm had sprung up in the dismal court of a city thoroughfare, and the managing man was Mr. Harker. The principal's name never transpired, and, though the silent, moody, but hard-hearted Mr. Harker always insisted that there was one, his unfortunate clients laughed him to scorn, disbelieved his assertions, and declared that the story was a fiction invented to aid him in his extortions.

Time passed on. Poor Lucy's pretty face and modest ways—perhaps her very sadness, which clung to her in never-ending remorse—caught the heart of a simple-minded man, one John Ashford, a grocer in a small country village on the banks of the Thames. After a struggle against it, the poor girl returned his love and ventured to marry him. The villain Wilfer was supposed to be dead. None knew her secret beside her father and kind Mr. Vermont, and she ventured to grasp the happiness held out to her, and so strengthened the chain which bound her father in slavery to Mr. Jasper Vermont's will. For if they, the father and daughter, feared disclosure before, how much did they dread it now, when Lucy was married and another heart must break with hers!

Meanwhile an event—one of those links which bind widely separated beings by a lengthened chain, and at last brings them together to work out some inevitable purpose—occurred to Johann Wilfer. One day, while he was lounging at his door and thirstily longing for a draught of his enemy, a small brougham drove up to the court, a lady, whose face was hidden by a thick veil, and who held a little girl by the hand, descended from her carriage, and walked straight up to Mr. Wilfer.

"You sold a picture to a gentleman yesterday?" she said in anything but a ladylike voice.

"I did," said Johann, who had palmed off a sham Titian, as asserted, to an old gentleman.

"Well, I'm his wife," said the woman rather hesitatingly, "and I have come to make you an offer. Are you married?"

"No," said Mr. Johann. "But walk upstairs."

The lady did so, and, seated in the room, still holding the child, lifted her veil. Johann Wilfer knew the face instantly. He had seen it at a theatre only the night before. It was the beautiful Haidee Levison. He looked at the child, and guessed what she required of him.

"I'm not married," he said; "but my sister lives with me, a very kind woman, and very fond of little girls."

Miss Levison nodded.

"Will you take charge of this one?" she said, kissing the girl, a dark, beautiful-eyed child, like a young Spaniard.

"I will," he answered.

"It is not mine," she said.

Mr. Wilfer smiled significantly.

"Needn't trouble to go into particulars, miss. The little one will be well taken care of. What's the terms?"

Miss Levison named them. They were liberal, and Mr. Wilfer jumped at them.

"You understand," said the lady. "She is not my child, but I am anxious to keep her quiet. You will get the cash regular as a clock, and all you've got to do is to keep the girl"—"gal" she pronounced it—"out of the way, and answer no questions if they're asked."

"I can do that, I think," said Mr. Wilfer with a grin; and so the first quarter's allowance was paid in advance, the little dark-eyed child was left to Mr. Wilfer's tender mercies, and Miss Levison took her departure.

Thus was forged another link in the chain of incidents which was gradually drawing so many lives into the whirlpool.

The inexorable Father Time still passed on, and Mr. Wilfer kept life in his valuable charge, and drank by her means still harder, working at his sham pictures occasionally, but generally dragging on existence in the allowance Miss Levison sent him. It had come regularly, as she had promised; but he saw nothing of her, excepting once, when, bitten by a sudden curiosity, he went to the cabinet which her new possessor, a certain wealthy and celebrated Mr. Leroy, had purchased for her.

One day the gang of which Mr. Wilfer was so useful a member dispatched him with a picture to Mr. Harker, the money-lender, who, they had been informed, was a likely purchaser of sham "old masters." Mr. Wilfer saw Mr. Harker, and, notwithstanding the change of name, recognized him.

The old man, on his side, never having heard the name of Lucy's betrayer—for she had kept it from him—knew nothing of his visitor, purchased the picture, intending to compel one of his wealthy clients to take it as part of a loan—a well-known trick of the dishonest class of money-lenders.

Mr. Harker's principal discovered the imposition at a glance, and saw in the impostor another tool. He instructed Harker to obtain a written guaranty of the genuineness of the picture from the pretended mechanic, and Mr. Wilfer, being half intoxicated, for once forgot his usual caution, and gave the required pledge. With that in his possession, Mr. Jasper had Mr. Johann Wilfer in his power, and only left him undisturbed because he saw no opportunity of using him. When he wanted, he knew that he had only to exert the power which the clever warranty gave him, and Mr. Wilfer would be his obedient servant, as so many better men were already. Quite unconscious of the sword that hung over him, Mr. Wilfer went in for a good drinking bout. It lasted for three weeks; then, when his share of the spoil had melted, he returned and visited his rage upon Reah. Bruised and sore, she fled into the streets, where Adrien Leroy found her, and Mr. Wilfer, having done his duty by the charge, fell into a drunken slumber. From this he was aroused by the entrance of a gayly dressed lady, veiled. He stumbled to his feet, stood, and, half sobered, recognized Miss Levison. Her face was flushed. The angry light Mr. Jasper had called up there by his sneers at her vulgarity was still burning in her dark eyes. It was long after midnight, and she had hastened from the hideously decorated room in St. James' to Mr. Wilfer on a mission of inquiry.

"Where is the gal?" she asked, glancing at Mr. Wilfer.

"The gal?" he repeated stolidly.

"Yes, Reah!" retorted Miss Levison, her jewels flashing in the glittering candle-light. "Where is she?"

"She is not at home," said Mr. Wilfer.

"Is she dead?" asked Haidee, her eyes glaring.

"No, she aint," said Mr. Wilfer; "not anything like it, but as lively as a kitten. She's out, gone out with her aunt. Gone to stay the night."

Haidee looked keenly at him.

"If you don't believe as she's adrift, go upstairs and look at her room."

Haidee walked upstairs, and returned.

"It is locked," she said.

"Of course; she's quite the lady, keeps the keys herself," said Mr. Wilfer. "Look here; here's her bonnet and shawl, here's one of her boots."

Miss Levison was convinced, and breathed more freely.

"There is some money," she said, throwing him a packet of coin. "I was anxious to know if all was right with the gal."

"Was you?" said Mr. Wilfer, thinking, not unnaturally, that she meant the reverse of what she said. "You'd be quite out up if you thought she had out this mortal life, I've no doubt."

She turned on him with a fierceness that made him recoil.

"I'll hang you. For—mind my words, for I mean 'em—if she wouldn't have cared then if you had put her out of the way, perhaps; but now I want her. Do you hear? I want her, and you take care she's alive and ready when I come for her."

Then she left the room, leaving Mr. Wilfer staring after her, and wishing that for once he had stayed his hand, and not driven his charge into the old misery of the streets. Little did Mr. Wilfer or Miss Levison imagine that she was at that instant asleep in Adrien Leroy's chamber.

We will now return to her. Love is the universal epidemic; there is no inoculation that will carry one exempt. Given a warm, human heart, and there is the natural susceptibility. No matter the rank, no matter the sex—time, position, reason, are cast to the winds; folly, with a grin, casts wisdom from its throne, and both, hand-in-hand, yield themselves to the decree, both bow to the despotic monarch. All must love.

Lady Juliet the noble, moving like a celestial beauty among the maskers, is caught by the fair hair and languishing eyes of Romeo. Marguerite the base-born, passing up the cathedral steps, is snared by the magic youth of the rejuvenated Faust. The Beggar Maid, threading her way through the mazes of King Cophetua's camp, is stricken by the regal splendor of his face and form, and dares return the admiration of his eyes and love a king. So it is from high to low. Love reigns supreme. Dynasties break off short at the stem, kingdoms rock to and fro, thrones totter and fall, crowns crumble into dust on lovers' heads; but love rules and lives on, immortal, triumphant, unconquerable. Long may he live and reign!

Reah the street-waif, whom a great and wealthy man had found perishing in the cold and carried to the luxury and warmth and the magnificence of his table, knew nothing of all, had never heard of Romeo and Juliet, Faust and Marguerite, or King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. All she knew was that she loved—nay, scarcely knew even that; was conscious only that for a kind word from those full, sweetly-gentle lips, for a glance of those dark eyes, she would have gladly died. Loved him—the great, kingly creature, who seemed something more than human in his beauty and his belongings! No, she dared not so much, even in thought. She longed only to see him again—and yet again; to worship him from afar as a devotee kneels tremulously before some terrible yet lovable god, and to clasp to her heart the remembrance of those few delicious, fairylike hours when she nestled against his breast and basked in the sunshine of his presence.

Poor Reah, how sweet and yet how bitter had been that awaking in the gilded cabinet! How sweet to find herself there, awake and not in a dream—how bitter to know that she had no right there, and that she must go! That splendid, golden chamber, with all the wonderful, undreamt-of things, was not for her. She looked down at her wet, dirt-stained dress, at her worn, ragged shoes, at her cold hands, and shuddered. She had no right there. Should she take advantage of his goodness to remain and sully the beauty of his palace—for to her it was a palace—by her unworthy presence? No; woman-child as she was, she spurned the thought, caught up her hat, and rose resolute.

"He will think Reah ungrateful," she murmured with half-closed eyes. "He will think—no matter, he is great and good; he will forget poor Reah before half an hour! I will go to Johann and get my beating. This is no place for me."

Then, with a little, graceful movement, Oriental, Egyptian-like, she bent her lips to the spot where Adrien had rested. Quickly but passionately she kissed his hat, the chair he had sat in; then, with the noiseless step of a young tigress, stole from the room. The sun was breaking through the mist, but she shivered as its rays touched her, and, sighing, trod wearily Soho way. It was all over, this little patch of fairy light in the drear darkness of the girl's existence, and as she reminded herself of its finish she shuddered again. Looking back as far as she could remember, she saw herself quite a child in the room in the court with Johann Wilfer and Martha. From the first day of her consciousness of existence till now, this had been the first bit of sunshine. What wonder that she was unhappy at parting with it?

Suddenly, as she passed into Oxford street, she stopped, struck with such an idea that the rich, young blood flew to her pale, dark cheek, and flushed it into sudden beauty. Her large, southern eyes grew thoughtful, then full of a strange light.

"Why should I go back to Johann?" she murmured. "Can't I follow him—the great gentleman? Can't I be a servant?"

The answer came quickly enough, and from her inner self. No; she must go back. Of what service could she be to such a noble gentleman? No; she must go back. And so, wearily, but still with that grace which Oriental blood bestows though it runs in the veins of a common gipsy, such a street-waif as Reah, she reached Johann Wilfer's. Mr. Johann Wilfer was not Reah's father. She knew that, and nothing more. She had never asked for any information concerning her parentage—nay, had scarcely wished for any; it was enough for her that Johann gave her enough bread to keep life within her, and, when he was drunk, enough blows to make life miserable. This virtuous guardian was out on an early drinking expedition, and Reah stole up the rickety, dimly-lighted stairs, paused at the door of the living-room to ascertain that it was empty, then ascended to the staircase to the garret, which served as her special apartment. It was as small and as squalid as all the other rooms in the crowded court, but it was different from them in one respect—it was clean. A miserable bed of straw and a threadbare quilt, a chair without a back, a washstand on three legs, and a triangular piece of silvered glass, the remains of, at its very best, a cheap mirror, comprised the furniture. This triangular piece of looking-glass reflected the young girl's beautiful face in all manner of hideous forms, as is the manner of bad glasses. The quilt just kept her from perishing with the cold. But yet the mirror, the bed, the room itself, were precious to her, for they were her own. Bevond its sacred threshhold Mr. Johann or Martha never passed. She had a lock and key to it, and, to enter now, she unlocked the rickety door. Locking it after her, she sank upon the bed and covered her face with her hands, her head drooped forward, thereby forming a picture of well-shaped hands and framework of glorious hair that a painter would have reveled in, and gave way to her tears.

It was natural to weep, but it was weak; and, with a sudden gesture, almost Spanish in its intensity, she flung her head back, rose from her drooping position, and stared into the mirror.

"I will not think of the beautiful place. I will not think of him, more beautiful still. What, me! Reah, a miserable, dirty girl! How could he touch me, carry me"—she shuddered at herself—"and speak so kindly? Will he be sorry that I ran away? Will he be? Bah! he will laugh, and ask that proud servant to see that I haven't stolen anything. Dirty little girl! how dared you go into the pretty place?"

She shook her head mournfully at her distorted reflection; then she sighed and went downstairs. Mr. Johann had returned, for a wonder, sober; indeed, his condition was very much to be wondered at, for he was in possession of the means with which to procure that sort of beatific intoxication his soul loved. He was counting some silver on the table, some gold too—for the girl's quick eye caught the shimmer of it—and he looked up half-fiercely, half-contemptuously.

"Well, girl, where have you been? You're like a cat or a policeman—never to be found when you're wanted. There was a pretty lady wanted to see you last night—a swell, my girl. Ha! ha! But of course you were out of the way. Where had you got to, you young cat?"

"Anywhere, nowhere," replied Reah, who did not fear him when he was sober, though she hated him always.

"Ah, that's the style! The swell ought to have heard you talk like that. She'd say I was bringin' you up well—ha, ha! Come here, let's have a look at you."

Reah never moved, but looked at him steadily.

"What! you won't come?" he said with a grin. "Well, there's something for your obstinacy, little mule," and he flung a half-crown across to her.

The girl took it up and looked at it, then looked him in the face questioningly.

"You're thinking I'm mighty generous, eh? So I am, girl, foolishly generous," and he laughed mockingly. "Well, what do you say if all the lot's for you, eh?"

"All for me?" repeated the girl, stopping short in her task of making neat the mantelshelf—"all for me?"

"Yes; when you get it, little cat! Ha, ha! All for you? No, it's for me; and I've a good mind to take that half-crown back. An idiot and his money's soon parted; but he's more idiotic to part with other people's. There, keep the half-crown, and get yourself a rope to hang yourself with. I'm going out. Tell that old ape when she comes in that I shall want some dinner, a good 'un—half a pound of stake, and a pot o' porter with a quartern o' gin it it. Mind you remember now, or I'll break every bone in your body," and with that forcible admonition the man shuffled out.

After a few hours he returned, not drunk, but fairly spiteful, ill-tempered, and stupidly brutal. Reah heard him stumble up the stairs, and rose from her seat on the floor—she had been sitting there motionless and lost in thought since he had gone—and prepared to receive the expected blow.

"Well, you monkey, where's the steak and the liquor?"

"Martha hasn't come back."

"Hasn't come back?—hasn't come back?" mocking her stupidly. "Well, get out of my sight," and, raising his unsteady hand, he aimed a blow at her.

She dodged it, passed him, and went up to her garret. Presently she heard him tumble down the stairs again, and, gliding to the room below, saw that he had taken up his post at the door. A few minutes afterwards, where she sat before the window, staring out wearily, hopelessly, she heard a voice that sent the blood rushing from her face to her heart. It was Adrien Leroy's. She heard every word, her heart beating as if it would burst. How dared Johann tell such falsehoods? He would go away; she should never see him—hear him again. Oh, what agony was there in the "never see him again!"

With a bound she reached the door—then stopped, sighed and shrank back. After all it was better; he would offer her money, perhaps (how little she knew him), would say a few kind words, make her long for him more, and the pain would be worse, worse, worse. No, let him go, believing Johann's falsehoods, and let her forget him. So she crouched beneath the window, and listened thirstily to her benefactor's retreating footsteps. He was gone. When her brutal guardian came up she could have killed him for his deception, though she had refrained from contradicting it. Then came the accusation, the attack and the escape. She was out upon the world—free, it was true, but free only, perhaps, to starve. She wandered about the streets, and gradually her feet were drawn towards Adrien's chambers. She watched the door, herself hidden under a portico, and saw the Marquis and Pomfret come out. Later on she saw Adrien himself, and forgot her hunger and destitution in the sight.

That night she slept, or rather lay, quiescent but awake, under a straw-wagon in Covent-garden Market. On the morrow she bought herself some food, and, like a moth still hovering at the candle, returned to watch Adrien's door. Then, failing to satisfy the hunger of her eyes, she spent some few more pence, and wandered out up the Hampstead road, out into the country, aimless, purposeless. But at night she returned, and, learning from the gossip of the footmen the destination of the carriage which stood at Adrien's door, waited at Lady Eveline's for a glimpse of him.

There was no wagon in Covent-garden that night, no shelter, and she crouched upon a doorstep, and, her star being hidden from her, watched those in heaven. Watching thus, she fell asleep. Policemen turned their lanterns on her, but, touched by the beauty and the innocence of the face, let her lie without the awful ejaculation: "Move on!" Once a man, flushed with wine, staggered towards her, and was about to clutch her arm; but a something about the face, its loveliness, its mournfulness, its helplessness, touched and sobered him, and, with a solemn shake of the head, he passed on. Presently a dark-robed woman, passing slowly with weary feet, stopped and looked at her. She was one of that new band of Samaritans who have sprung up in our London streets, with healing in their hands and pity in their hearts—a Sister of Mercy, belonging to no order, following no set rules, who, dressed in the black serge and white monastic bands, seek the helpless and the lost, and strive to help and restore them. She stopped, bent down, and, drawing her veil aside, looked closely at the motionless face. Then she sighed, and turned her head away.

"So beautiful, so young! I was once beautiful and young. Can it be possible? Sister, sister!"

Reah awoke at the gentle touch, and sprang like a little tigress to her feet.

"Johann, do not beat me; I ——"

"My poor girl, no one will beat you! Will you come with me?"

"With you?" repeated Reah; then, eyeing her suspiciously: "Where? Not far?"

"No, not far; but why do you ask? Do you not wish to leave the street? Is there anyone you wish to be near?"

"No," replied Reah—"no;" but she added to herself as the Sister of Mercy took her hand: "She shall not take me far from here."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TWO NIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

The stars were shining; the night was still,
Save for the plaint of the whippoorwill;
The harvest moon in her beauty shone
Low in the sky, like a flow'r o'erblown;
Birds asleep in each hidden nest,
And a lingering light in the tranquil West,
Like the lucent gleam of the Orient pearls,
Banding the flow of her perfumed curls.
Arms clasp her fondly and hold her fast,
Lest with the dawning the "ream be past.
For love is fleeting, and life is brief,
And sorrow comes like a midnight thief,
And steals the rose of your love away;
And then, like a phantom faint and gray,
Beckons ever with upraised hand,
Leading you on to the Silent Land.
"Say! Dost thou love me, heart o' mine?"
"Always, only forever thine."

* * * * *

My brain is weary, my tears are dry,
I look irom earth to the pitiless sky;
No change, no hope, no bolt of death;
To end my pain with my passing breath,
But the harvest moon, and the silent stars,
Pressing me earthward like prison bars.

So brief a time, and my dream is o'er.
O sorrowful heart! you will sing me more.
So fair, so false; but a woman's vow
Is light as the mist on the morning's brow,
And love on her red mouth comes and goes
As the bee to the heart of a Summer rose.

How shall I meet her and call her friend,
And play the play to the bitter end?
What if I went, though I know her false,
And clasp'd her again in the perfect waltz?
How'd and smil'd o'er her matchless hand,
And drew her to walk on the moonlit sand,
And, suddenly turning and seeing her

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

VERITAS, Philadelphia.—John Brougham on Thursday evening, Nov. 13, 1856, performed in "The Stage-struck Irishman" at the Old Bowery Theatre, N. Y., commencing at 7 o'clock and terminating at 7¼ P. M. He, with a portion of his company and invited guests, then took stages for Jersey ferry, and started from Jersey City for Philadelphia, Pa., at 7.52, arriving at the Kensington depot at 10 o'clock precisely. The party then took stages to the National Theatre, Walnut street, above Eighth, arriving there at 10.30. The performances at the National consisting of a first-class circus and a dramatic company, commenced at 7½, and terminated at 10¼ with "The Maniac Lover." During the evening telegrams were read to the audience stating how far the company had proceeded. John Brougham played Powhattan in his own burlesque of "Pocahontas," and the curtain rose for that performance at 10.30, and fell at 12 o'clock. The invited guests, who occupied seats in the circus ring, then, with the performers, took supper at the Girard House, after which they returned to New York by special train.

PHOENIX, Memphis.—By agreement with the League-club managers the new Cincinnati Club was placed in the League, on condition that none of the old nine's games played after June 1, or of the new nine played before July 2, should count. That is why the record appears to be so "mixed." The games thrown out were as follow: June 2, at Cincinnati, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, 10 to 2; June 3, at Chicago, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, 12 to 5; June 7, at Cincinnati, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, 11 to 6; June 9, at St. Louis, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, 13 to 2; June 11, at St. Louis, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, 11 to 2; June 14, at Louisville, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, 10 to 3; June 16, at Louisville, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, 8 to 4.

R. C. H., Mobile.—"Man on first base goes down to second as pitcher delivers ball, catcher throws to second-baseman, who stands on the line of first and second to catch ball, and he touches the runner before reaching base. Did he obstruct base-runner—that is, second-baseman? The base-runner claimed that the second-baseman should stand on the other side of base. Umpire decided man out, as he thought a man had a right to go on the line to catch ball on whatever side of base it came."..... The fielder has the right to field the ball anywhere. See section 5 of Rule VI.

J. F. W., Charleston.—It is possible that a troupe styling themselves the San Francisco Minstrels (not the Birch, Wambold & Backus troupe) performed in the Bowery, in this city, in the spring or summer of 1875. We have seached our files, but do not find any so named; yet many troupes tsied their fortunes there for brief periods of time, and as some of them contained performers who had played in 'Frisco, that name may have appeared on the bills, if not in the advertisements.

E. C., Richfield Springs.—1. There are no playing rules at baseball legally in operation except those of the League code, of which the League Alliance and International are copies. These rules require an umpire, after calling strikes twice on fair balls not struck at, to call "good ball" on the third such ball. 2. You were right. He was not forced. The play of the catcher would have been to have thrown to second, and the second-baseman to first.

S. F., Wappinger's Falls.—1. The substance of all that was of general interest in the communication referred to was given, but we cannot admit to our columns articles of a personal matter, which are calculated to engender illfeeling and otherwise do harm. 2. The characters of games did not warrant the publication of more than the bare results. 3. We do not issue credentials to other than amusement correspondents, and we have no need of one there.

A. J. L., St. Paul.—"1. A man at the bat strikes the ball, which touches his (batsman) foot nearest the fair line and goes over. Is the ball fair, foul, or dead? 2. A player strikes foul on the third strike, but does not hit the ball, can the umpire call foul strike and out, or three strikes and out, if the ball is held by the catcher?"..... 1. If the batsman's foot was on the fair ground, the ball was fair; if not, it was foul. 2. He must call "foul strike—out."

CONSTANT READER, Bowmanville.—"Is it considered a foul ball when the batsman knocks a ball up in the air, and said ball, on striking the ground, inside the diamond, rolls out between first and home, or third and home? Or is it only considered foul when the ball is knocked directly to the ground and rolls out of the diamond as above? Only in the latter case does the exception to the rule hold good.

MUTUAL, Beaver Falls.—"Striker (out of turn) takes his position and strikes at first ball sent in, and on which a runner steals second. Umpire decides man out for striking out of turn. Is he right, or must the ball first be called before he can be declared out?".....The ball must have been struck fair before he can be given out. See Section 3 of Rule V.

R. M., Chicago.—1. There are already many performers who do the acts described; but if you excel in them you could get engagements. Salary for the two would range from $30 per week upwards, according to merits and reputation. 2. No. They could only prevent you from singing that particular song which was written by one of them, and is of course their exclusive property.

CENTENNIAL.—John Higgins, the English sculler, appeared but once in a single-scull race in this country—a trial heat at the Centennial Regatta, in which he was opposed by Hosmer and Eph Luthurg. The former won the race in first; but, a foul being claimed by Higgins, the referee ordered the race to be rowed over next day. Higgins refused to row a second time, however.

G. J., Cambridge.—You have been playing properly until lately. The rule has of recent years been changed in this country, and in course of time, no doubt, the change will gradually come to be adopted in all countries here. Its adoption has already become so general that we now decide that a player cannot peg what his opponent fails to score.

BROOKLYN.—1. Billy Edwards and Tim Collins fought near Cypress Hills, L. I., in 1871. 2. Collins had the best of the engagement. He has fought five times, winning thrice, making a draw once when the chances were all against him, and being, it was believed, cheated out of the fifth, at a time when he looked all over a winner. Draw your own inference.

S. N., Pembroke.—1. The late George Brown of Halifax, N. S., never pulled a race with the person you mention. 2. Eph Morris was Brown's opponent in the last race that either ever rowed. The time of the race, which took place on the Kennebecassis Sept. 26, 1874, was 37 minutes. 3. The best time for 100 yards is 9½ seconds, made by George Seward, in England, Sept. 30, 1848.

E. C., Newark.—Duettists and banjo-players command from $20 per week upward, according to merit and reputation. Unless they are highly popular, it is not easy to secure plenty of engagements. The term "specialty" claims to fit pupils for all branches of the variety profession.

A. C., Guelph.—"A is on first base, B on second. Striker hits a fly to short stop, who misses it, and then throws it to second, putting A out. Second-baseman then fields it to third, and B is given out without being touched. Is this decision correct?".....No; he had to be touched, not being forced.

R. D., Charleston.—We keep no trace of professionals during the Summer unless they are performing. Letters addressed to the persons named in care of this office will reach them. Write to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., to ascertain the whereabouts of any sloop-of-war.

STAKEHOLDER, Washington.—It depends upon how the third came to be a tie game. If it became such through being called in the darkness after five innings had been played, A loses. If the two clubs agreed to draw the game when it was possible to play longer, the bet is a draw.

G. D. and F. G., Wheeling.—1. He can catch a foul ball, just the same as a fair ball, in any way he can reach it. 2. A foul ball has a rotary motion imparted to it by the player from its being hit on the outer circle, instead of in the centre. This makes it more difficult to hold.

LEAGUE, Myerstown.—1. Yes. 2. A moderately lively ball. 3. Cannot say. 4. Because the League has decided they should. 5. Not that we know of. 6. Their pitcher is sick. 7. It is legible, but not stylish. 8. We do not publish their salaries. 9. Secretary Young.

CLIPPER.—1. The formula of a will does not require that two persons shall be named as executors. 2. A wife can legally be made sole executrix. 3. Practically, a person who is left a bequest by the provisions of a will is not to be a witness to the signing of that will.

OLD READER, Louisville.—1. You are not too old to enter the dramatic profession. 2. You would have to find your own wardrobe. 3. Salary at first would be from $10 to $15 per week. 4. Apply to some manager for an engagement to play general utility.

J. W. R., Washington.—1. A will be out if he makes jack or game. B cannot get out without making either jack or game. 2. You cannot so build for your partner. Send address, and light will be strong.

L. M. D., Col.—"A ball is batted between home plate and first base on a fly, lights in the diamond and bounces out. Is it fair or foul? 2. Is a like ball, because not batted direct from the bat to the ground.

DECLINED.—"The Garden Nymph," "A Friend," "Twilight Melody," "A Country Boy," "Carrie Lee," "Queen of My Dream," "North ol-Ireland Dan," "Micky Tumbleton," "Dutchey's Troubles," "A Performer's Dream."

C. F., Nantucket.—If the two clubs agreed to draw, the bet is a draw. If game was called off before time because of rain or darkness, and without such a preliminary agreement, A loses.

F. H. R., La Crosse.—1. A must play his ace. 2. She closed at Daly's July 28. See our dramatic department. 3. We do not give the private addresses of professionals. 4. Like cider-cake take two parts of flour to one of lard.

SEVAREY, Kingston.—Under the circumstances of its being impossible to clear the field so as to finish the ninth inning, the score of the last even inning must decide it. Decision is not final.

S. H., Quincy.—You can purchase "The Marble Heart" of any dealer in plays in this country. "Pique" is a MS. and the property of Agustin Daly of the Fifth Avenue Theatre in this city, of whom only it can be bought.

NORMAD, Boston.—1. The largest number ever entered for the Derby is for the year 1876, when 226 are engaged. 2. No. 3. Never. 4. No. 5. One mile and a half; colts carry 122lb, fillies 117lb.

PITCHER, Salt Lake.—1. The two fastest consecutive mile heats were 1.42½, made by Lantry, at Hartford, Ct., Sept. 2, 1875. 2. The fastest one mile is 1.39¾, made by Ten Broeck at Louisville, Ky.

R. R.—A deputy-sheriff, as such, has no more power to arrest for robbery and kindred crimes than an ordinary citizen has. As a simple citizen he can make such arrests in extreme cases, but not as a deputy-sheriff.

HANDICAP.—In handicap single-scull races, best two in three heats, the original handicap cannot be altered after the first heat, unless special provision to the contrary be made previous to the start.

SAGAMORE, Petersburg.—1. Cannot say. 2 Letters addressed to professionals care of this office will generally reach. 3. When we know, you will find the information in our dramatic department.

G. L.—The only way to insure permanent success on the stage is to commence at the foot of the ladder and work your way up. Try and get an engagement to play general utility.

W. F. C.—We forget the names of the clubs, but the match took place in Buffalo, and the winning club scored 2?2 runs against about 40 odd.

CHARLES G., Detroit.—As it contains allusions which might be distasteful to some of those mentioned, we omit it.

H. K., Pine Bluff.—1. Perhaps those you have been writing for would comply, if you so requested. 2. We are well supplied just now.

CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER, Montreal.—We cannot undertake to decide bets about divorce cases in the English courts.

H. AND W.—She was recently traveling with a dramatic company in Canada. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach her.

C. J. A., Philadelphia.—We do not in this department decide questions as to the relative superiority of performers.

A. G., Fremont.—Such items will be acceptable. They should be mailed so as to reach us not later than Monday morning of each week.

SPORTSMAN, Pittsburg.—1. You lose, under our rule. 2. There is no possible way for it to be a draw. You either win or lose.

F. E. K.—If was Henry Stanbery who was Attorney-general under Andrew Johnson, and who was of his counsel during the trial as to his impeachment.

MRS. R. L., Toledo.—No answers by mail. We have inclosed your letter, addressed it to the person named, and advertised it.

JOHN GRIFFITHS, Girardsville.—1. Aaron Jones and Mike McCoole fought at Busenbark's Station, O., Aug. 31, 1867. 2. Jones died at Leavenworth, Ind., Feb. 16, 1869.

H. F. K., Cincinnati.—According to your statement of the case, if W. retired to run at the appointed time, and X. went over the course, the latter wins the stakes.

E. S. L., Canandaigua.—No answers by mail. The Hutchinson Family is not traveling at present. We do not know their address.

MAT TURNER, Dixon.—1. 2. The information will be found in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 3. The advertisement will cost 50 cents for each insertion.

READER, South Boston.—We cannot give his record in this column, but when he rows a match-race it will appear in our aquatic department.

RICK.—We take no part in the never-ending wrestle between Chicago and St. Louis over the matter of relative populations.

O. W. S., Canton.—1. Ticket-sellers command from $2 to $3 per night. 2, 3. We prefer not to recommend any lotteries.

J. F. C., Charleston.—Thanks; we shall be pleased to receive items of news.

W., Plymouth.—The Harvards played a 24-innings game with the Manchesters.

E. S. C., Mobile.—Some of the professional nines may visit the South in October, if it can be made to pay.

S. H. R., Tipton.—The score decides the game. The absence of the signatures does not render the score illegal.

W. W. M., Ottawa.—Yes. 2. We cannot tell you how to give a curve to the ball.

JOHN CONNER.—Don't know who was the first baseball player.

CONSTANT READER, Springfield.—1 Because they choose to make the rules so. 2. Twelve games. 3. They have to.

J. R. L., Sedalia.—The ace was not out. The rule only applies in the case of an effort to delay the game.

MCK., Jordan.—1. No. 2. Paying their players either by "money, place or emolument."

UMPIRE, Halifax.—He is only entitled to the base he is running for. All others he takes at a risk.

H. S. B., Elizabeth.—Several have been made by League-club players.

J. O. C.—It is possible that your letter miscarried, which may account for the omission.

WALLACE.—A card of that size costs $15 for each insertion.

CY, New Bedford.—It is on the northeast corner of Cross and Hanover streets, this city.

DRAMA, New Bedford.—Letters addressed to any of the persons named, in the care of this office, will reach them.

S. & CO., Chicago.—We know of no such company traveling at present.

FAKIR, Clyde.—Cannot tell you where they are manufactured. Any glassblower could make them.

M. C., Little Rock.—See the advertisements of the various dramatic agencies in this city in this issue.

T. B., Pittsburg.—M loses, in accordance with our practice.

JOE S., Wadsworth.—Jack beats ace in cutting for deal at euchre.

Z. I. P., P. A. Landon[illegible], Of H. W. Collender, 738 Broadway, 2 "American Billiards," of Ed. James.

E. L. B., Milwaukee.—Those who bet that the game would be won by 2 to 1.

J. H. L.—We presume you mean the last one. It was on July 12, 1871.

X. Youngstown.—We think it was born here, but are not positive.

SEVERAL READERS, Louisiana.—It is a stand-off, unless the house has a rule to the contrary.

G. H. L., New Orleans Minstrels.—Thanks. It will be acceptable.

ESQUIRER, Newark.—Smuggler is now on the trotting turf, and has not been purchased by Mr. Bonner.

F. J. H., Erie.—No; Bechtel did not then play in that position.

E. M. F., East St. Louis.—Harry Jennings, the caninefancier, is alive, and in business in this city.

JOHN EWALT, Illinois.—The address of D. F. Foster is No. 3 West Third street, this city.

MEMPHIS.—If B "called out" without having enough to put him out, A wins the game.

FRISCO READER.—Their prices vary so that you will have to choose for yourself.

H. P. H., Bellows Falls.—We know nothing of them, but the offer looks suspicious.

A. H., Sterling.—A straight flush, when it has been agreed to admit it into the game, will beat four aces.

N. J. CRAIN, Springfield.—Do you mean wide, standing high, or running high jumping?

H. L. S., Bay City.—We know nothing about the fate of the vessel.

OLD MART.—Sayers and Heenan fought on April 17, 1860.

J. M. M., Brooklyn.—The player can make the trump without having one in his hand.

IRVINGTON.—He can have two builds at the same time.

COPERNICUS.—There is no record of such performances.

W. J. C.—We keep no record of the height of professionals.

WHATCHEER.—The bet is void, as there was no game.

N. M., Louisville.—We know nothing of either person.

H., Chicago.—About 27 years of age, and unmarried.

SNOWBALL, Little Falls.—1. He was not out. 2. Yes.

G. H., Lennox.—Out of print. Have sent you No. 19.

CYRUS, Delaware.—Andrew Johnson was impeached.

J. N. M., Philadelphia.—It is rather late for it.

T. E. S., Moulton.—Lester's record is 2:21¼.

S. L., Milwaukee.—B wins, under our rule.

JOHN MORTZ.—See rates on eighth page.

A. J. B., Easton.—It is eighty feet wide.

JACK POTS.—A can discard the jacks.

ANXIOUS, Wilmington.—We cannot.

PUCK, Boston.—Of course there is.

AUBURN.—A loses.

THE STRIKE NEARING AN END.

Order almost reigns in Warsaw. The "insurrection" is practically over. The misdirected men who lawlessly sought to force an adjustment of the differences between labor and capital early saw both the badness and the madness of their movement, and they have returned to orderly ways. Despite the heavy losses sustained by several cities and by the mercantile community at large, the country is to be congratulated that no greater damage has been done. Between restoring destroyed property and paying the militia called into service, the cost will not be far from $20,000,000. But matters might have been infinitely worse. Not counting the railroad men and the miners who have "gone upon strike," there are in this country nearly two millions of unemployed people. Many thousands of these people are never employed, and never will be—if they can help it. It is their special mission upon earth to move about with matches in their pockets, and torches hidden in their coat-sleeves, wherewith to fan all such flames as this strike of the railroad men. They can fan with greatest individual safety when mobs are largest; and with two millions of people having little else to do than to gather in crowds, mobs are apt to be uncommonly large in these times. The city of Chicago is a case in point. The demonstrations there were in no wise in behalf of railroad men. They were simply efforts on the part of the physically indolent and the constitutionally lawless to create disorders so that pillage should be facilitated. Instead of railroad strikers, Bohemian men were in the foreground, and behind them came Bohemian women fully prepared for "an equal division of property," and as ready to carry off a safe weighing a ton as a set of silver spoons. These were the pupils of St. Simon, Auguste Compte, Karl Marx, Max Hirsch, George Odger, and other agitators or so-called "philosophers," whose creed is anarchy and whose principles embody about everything that is unprincipled. Chicago made short work of some of these fiends, but not of enough of them.

Unhappily, they are not confined to Chicago, nor do they consist of Bohemians alone. They are to be found in many another American city, and embrace the German dreamers whose heads are yearly made sore by sudden contact with the police, the English tailors, saw-grinders and cutlers, and the Parisian torch-bearers whose exploits six years ago are still fresh in the universal mind. They are all welcome in America upon the promise of good behavior; but there is no field here for a display of their special excellences, murder and arson. It is desirable, for their own sakes, that the scenes of the past two weeks shall teach them this. There is also a wholesome lesson in the attitude maintained towards them in this city, where more of them are congregated than in any other place on this continent. The authorities here were amply prepared for them, and what promised to be much more than a mass-meeting for the purpose of expressing sympathy with railroad strikers amounted to but little even as an expression of sympathy. Doubtless our authorities will always be prepared to deal with these restless spirits. At the same time, it should not be expected that this community will tamely bear over and over again the burden of taxation caused by invoking extra police or military aid to guard against sudden outbreaks on the part of men many of whom are in America simply because they cannot draw the breath of life elsewhere. There is a speedier and cheaper way of dealing with these malcontents, whether they are in Chicago or in New York, than by continually calling out troops as a precautionary measure. Communism can obtain no foothold upon American soil. It was virtually tried here nearly one hundred years ago. The sooner this is understood by the "foreign element," as it is called, the easier will it be to adjust the inevitable differences between capital and labor.

And it will also help to adjust those constantly recurring differences, if it be understood that the railroad magnates and other corporations who by their political power, derived wholly from the laboring classes, send men to Congress and make Governors, and it may be Presidents, are not to expect that Governors and even the President shall, in return, furnish troops in furtherance of schemes for the declaration of dividends. When corporations, fancying that the civil and the military force are wholly on their side, become arbitrary, the "strike" that would otherwise yield to reason, and terminate quietly through concessions on both sides, has necessarily to become more or less of a riot. It is not in human nature to "strike" for something and get nothing. Ordinarily, the give-and-take principle is sufficient to cover "strikes." It seems to be insufficient only when the employed fancy that the Communists who will array themselves on their side are really a power, and when the employers fancy that by adroit manœuvring they can summon to their aid the military force of both State and National Governments. It will not be overlooked that some of the railroad managers placed obstacles in the way of a resumption of traffic as soon as it was ascertained that, as to transporting the mails of the business community, the strikers desired no obstacle. The railroad companies had a game of their own to play to the end, and they played it. They could legally refuse to permit their trains to be run for any purpose whatever, and in this aspect they were right in refusing to allow the mails to be started out. But there are times when strictly legal methods are to be departed from. The railroad companies, who were as much responsible for the "strike" as the trainmen, should in equity have been made to realize this as well as the trainmen. The latter could as legally and equitably refuse to run trains as the companies could and did. There was at least one train, according to the press dispatches, that trainmen refused to run, while not venturing to interfere with any other men who might wish to run it. But soldiers were placed on the platform on either side of them, and they were forced to work under threat of being shot to death for refusing. This was illegal, but it was justified by military necessity. Mercantile necessity should have created a military necessity for those mail-trains being sent through by the companies when the strikers volunteered to man and work them. The sauce should not have been wholly served up on the companies' goose.

*** July 26: Rioting took place in Chicago, Ill., the police and troops fighting the mob nearly all day. Fifteen persons were known to have been killed and many wounded. Many of the rioters were arrested. A slight disturbance also took place at St. Louis, but no one was reported injured. Trains began running on the Erie Railway, the Delaware, Lackawana and Great Western, Morris and Essex, and the American Division of the Canada Southern Railroad. At San Francisco, incendiary fires were started by the rioters, but strong bodies of vigilants prevented the contemplated depredations or serious trouble. A meeting was held at Cooper Institute, this city, at which resolutions were adopted expressive of sympathy for the strikers, and denunciatory of the oppression to which they have been subjected. In Philadelphia, the police, in breaking up a disorderly meeting, became involved in a fight, which was desperately waged, a number of persons being badly hurt, and one boy, aged about 17, killed.....Laird Babbart committed suicide by taking poison, in Brooklyn, L. I.....The accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of Bertha Klippel caused the death of Bella Baerlein, aged 15, in this city.....Emma Robinson of Newark, N. J., aged 16, committed suicide.....Robert T. Burton, counselor to Edward Hunter, Presiding Bishop of the Mormon Church, was arrested in Salt Lake, Utah, charged with the murder of Joseph Morris in 1862. Great excitement prevailed among the Mormons, who made use of threats.....Cable news: In a public address at Bradford, Eng., John Bright referred to the labor troubles here as a local insurrection, and attributed them to "the evil effects produced by the policy of the United States in locking themselves up from the rest of the commercial world by onerous duties levied upon the very class of manufactured articles which, if competition were open, would prevent labor from becoming unruly." A troop-ship sailed from Portsmouth, Eng., with 1,521 officers and men for Malta. The Turks had abandoned Nisch. Three Turkish steamers were burned and one sunk by the Shobodia batteries. Serbia has concluded a loan of 2,000,000 ducats with foreign bankers. The eldest son of Schamyl, who was in the Russian army, has joined the Atchasian insurgents.....Fires: Cook's block, Syracuse, N. Y.—loss about $65,000, insurance $31,500; J. & J. S. Barber's paper warehouse, at Philadelphia—loss $8,000, partially insured; the Empire House, Greenville, Pa.—loss $7,000.

*** July 27: Reports from various quarters indicated an early adjustment of existing railroad difficulties, compromises or concessions having been made in many places. Travel was resumed on the New York Central and Pennsylvania lines, but no freight-trains were allowed to proceed on the Lake Shore road, and trouble was threatened at Cleveland, O. A number of the ringleaders in the riotous demonstrations at Chicago, Ill., were arrested. The roads in the mining sections of Pennsylvania continued blocked, and a rumor prevailed that strikers had attacked soldiers at Johnstown, in that State, the troops firing upon the mob and killing and wounding a number. The Postmaster-general reported that the mails generally were regularly delivered. The regiments belonging to the National Guard of this State, which had been on duty for several days here and elsewhere, were dismissed....At Egg Harbor, N. J., a man named Kuhner shot and killed John Wolf.....William Maloney either fell or was thrown from a third-story window in South Boston, receiving fatal injuries.....Richard H. Shuck was executed at Owentown, Ky., for the murder of Nelson Parish.....Albert Trammell, a negro preacher, was hanged at Rosston, Ark., for the murder of his wife five years ago.....The negro girl Jennie Brown, who was shot on the steamer N. P. Banks July 4, at Norfolk, Va., by Surgeon A. G. Wilson of the United States frigate Franklin, died from the effects of her wound. Dr. Wilson was lodged in jail.....The murder of A. O. Shields, near Bollvar, Tenn., July 21, by his stepson, Alous Phillips, was fully confessed. While Lucius Shields and Phillis Merritt were playing with a revolver in Newark, N. J., it accidentally exploded, and Miss Barnett was perhaps fatally injured.....Cable news: General Grant laid the corner-stone of an American Episcopal Church at Geneva, Switzerland, on the 27th inst. Governor Samuel J. Tilden arrived at Cork from Queenstown, Ireland. The Turks were reported to have been defeated at Karabunar, and to be retreating on Adrianople. The Crocodile, with 1,259 officers and men, sailed from Portsmouth, Eng., for Malta. Aziz Pasha was reported killed in a skirmish.....Fires: J. C. Penny's clothing-store and Gray's drug-store, at Ayer, Mass—loss $8,000, insured; the barrel-works of the Standard Oil Works, at Titusville, Pa.....Lucen Furniss suicided by shooting in this city.....Mrs. Delos H. Clark was killed by lightning at Bridgwater, N. Y.

*** July 28: Military movements for the purpose of opening the blockade were made on several of the main railroad lines. Under the protection of the troops, seven freight trains were sent away from Baltimore, and about 500 cars from Cumberland over the Baltimore and Ohio road. Governor Hartranft and staff, with about 1,000 United States troops and Pennsylvania infantry, cavalry, and artillery—arrived at Pittsburg and took peaceable possession of the Pennsylvania Company's territory there. They had trouble in getting through, owing to the difficulty of securing the services of engineers and firemen. At Johnstown the strikers fired on trains with missiles, some of which inflicted severe wounds. They likewise threw a train from the track, wrecking five cars, but, fortunately, not seriously injuring anyone. About one hundred persons were arrested by the troops and taken to Ebensburg. The riots revived. The number of killed during the rioting in Chicago at twenty-one; wounded, about ninety, six of whom will probably die. One of the killed and eleven of the wounded were policemen. The authorities had the mob under control at St. Louis. Quiet had prevailed in the coal-mining region in the Pennsylvania mining regions, and the strikers were allowing the mines to flood. A slight disturbance took place at Chicago, a mob attempting to force others to quit work and join them, but they were dispersed before serious consequences resulted; all meetings of Communists were forbidden and the saloons remained closed. The strikers at Fort Wayne, Ind., overpowered the authorities in two attempts to move trains on the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago road.....Application was made to Judge Donohue of this city by George W. Butt, one of Wm. M. Tweed's creditors, asking that the latter be compelled to make an assignment of his property, as it is likely to be squandered or embezzled, thus cheating his creditors out of their just dues.....George W. Peck, one of the proprietors of *The* (Auburn, N. Y.) *Daily Advertiser*, committed suicide by shooting.....John Hackey, a druggist, died at Trenton, N. J., from a dose of morphine taken by mistake for quinine.....Henry William Tibbetts of Rome, N. Y., shot himself through the heart.....Cable news: It was reported that there has been a horrible massacre of Bulgarians by Bashi-bazouks at Batak, Sophia, and Philippopolis, but would have escaped but for the arrival of Turkish regulars. The bombardment of Nicsic was continuous, and several houses have been burned. In consequence of the disappearance of troops in Malta, the Russian press has opened a popular campaign against England. English papers remarked that much enthusiasm was manifested on the occasion of the departure from Portsmouth, Eng., of the troopship Crocodile on the 27th, and a call of three cheers for the Turks was responded to with great spirit by the crowd. There is reported to be a second period of famine in Southern India. The Court of Aldermen of the City of London, Eng., resolved, by a vote of 19 to 1, that Sir John Bennett is not a proper person to occupy the position of an Alderman.....Norman Lindsay, colored, was stated to have been hanged at Helena, Ark., 27, for the murder of Rev. Mr. Brightower.....Mary Jane Spellman was fatally burned at Newburg, N. Y., by an explosion of kerosene.....Fires: J. R. Williams' firebrick and stove-lining works near Taunton, Mass.—loss $20,000, insured for $10,000; T. J. Miller's stove factory at Leipsic, O.—loss $15,000, insured for $10,000.

*** July 29: The seven freight trains which were sent westward from Baltimore, Md., were stopped by strikers at Keyser, West Va., one of them being partially wrecked; serious trouble was anticipated. Another attempt to move an engine and train of cars at Fort Wayne, Ind., was frustrated. A compromise with the firemen and brakemen on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road was partially effected. Troops were concentrating at East St. Louis, Ill., in anticipation of an attack upon the bridge, and General Shaler issued a proclamation to the five strikers, who attempted to prevent a passenger-train from going out; trains were sent out on all the roads except the Toledo and Wabash. Strikers in the Lackawanna, Pa., region destroyed an engine-house and other property, and the road was blocked. Two thousand Communistic Internationalists were arrested at St. Louis, Mo. The daily sessions held by the Cabinet during the past week were discontinued.....A collision occurred between a train of the Prospect Park and Coney Island Railroad and a train of the Manhattan Beach Railroad, at the crossing near Parkville, L. I., several persons being injured, none dangerously, and a locomotive and two cars wrecked. Cause, carelessness.....It was stated that on July 24 Gale Hollingsworth of White Pigeon, Iowa, was shot and instantly killed by Mat White, who charged him with having slandered her.....John McFall was fatally stabbed by Patrick Riley in East Boston, Mass.....Cable news: The Turks were said to have lost 8,000 killed and wounded at Karabunar. Seven soldiers were killed by the accidental discharge of a shell in the casemate of Fort Mont Valerian, Paris. Ex-King Amadeus was painfully injured by being thrown from his carriage at Turin, Italy. Franz Kohler, the New Jersey wife-murderer, was arrested on board the steamer Gallert at Plymouth, Eng. Bloodstained female-clothing was found among his baggage.....Fires: Jardin's weiss-beer brewery and malt-house buildings, at East New York, L. I.—loss $20,000; Henry Swaim's house in Southfield, L. I.—loss $3,500, covered by insurance.....Thos. Doran, a saloon-keeper of Brooklyn, L. I., was stabbed, perhaps fatally, by Frank McNally.

*** July 30: No fresh outbreaks occurred on the railroads, and dispatches from various points indicated a speedy resumption of work. At Baltimore many of the old men were returning, more offering than could be made use of.....Strathaven Dam, on Big Crum Creek, Pa., bursted, causing great damage to property, but fortunately not resulting in the death of any person.....It was cabled that a panic prevails at Pera, probably due to the dismissal of the Sheik-ul-Islam, who refused to hoist the sacred flag. It was believed that the Sultan is preparing to flee from Constantinople, unless a Turkish success makes his position more secure. The Russian Government has temporarily exiled Aksakoff, Chief of the Moscow Society, in consequence of the revolutionary tendencies in Russia of the Sclavophils. Apprehensions of a massacre were causing many Christian families to leave Constantinople.....John McNally was fatally shot by her husband near Ogdensburg, N. Y.

PIGEON VS. EXPRESS.—On Friday, July 13, a race took place from Dover to London, Eng., between the Continental mail express-train and a carrier-pigeon, conveying a message. The pigeon, a Belgian Voyageur, was bred by Messrs. Hartley & Sons of Woolwich, and "homed" when a few weeks old to a building in Cannon street, London. As the train moved from the Admiralty-pier the bird was loosed, the wind being west, and the atmosphere hazy. For upwards of a minute the carrier-pigeon circled round to a great altitude, and then sailed away towards London, the distance, "as the crow flies," between Dover and London being 70 miles, and by rail 76½ miles. When the mail express arrived at Cannon-street station the pigeon had been home 20 minutes, thus winning by a time allowance representing about eighteen miles.

MURPHY'S CHALLENGE TO OWENS.—Up to the present time the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, James Owens, has not paid any attention to the challenge issued to him by his quondam antagonist Charles Murphy of this city. It may be well to remind Owens that failure to accept a proper challenge within a reasonable period entails a forfeit of the title he seemed so anxious to possess; aside from which, he should not hesitate to give a man whom he has once defeated an opportunity to "get even." It behooves him, therefore, to cover the forfeit-money we now hold, instead of waiting to see what Col. McLaughlin proposes to do.

FAST RAILROAD TIME.—Engine 359, Erie Railway, John Hopper engineer, with two cars, made the trip from Jersey City to Port Jervis, distance 88 miles (carrying ammunition), in one hour and fifty-six minutes, leaving at 3:05, arriving at 5:01 P. M., beating the Fast train with relief for Chicago by 54 minutes, the latter's time being 2h. 10m.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ASH, J. Dorsey—Lieutenant of the Kingston Battery of Philadelphia. He had served in the Union Army during the Rebellion, was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and for years had been teller in the First National Bank of Philadelphia. Died of wounds received in the attack on the Philadelphia troops in Pittsburg July 21—Philadelphia, July 24, aged 35.

ABBOTT, Miss Emma N.—Daughter of the late Dr. Henry Abbott of Cairo, Egypt—Hoboken, N. J., July 28.

ARMSTRONG, Wilson—A well-known builder in Philadelphia, where he was also engaged in the liquor business—there, July 25, aged 39.

AUSTIN, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas—Two aged negroes of Tallahassee, Fla. The husband, named after his owners, the Austin family, was born in North Carolina in October of 1773, and his wife (Fanny) was born on the same plantation in 1779. As a very early age they were taken by the Austin family to Tallahassee. During all the Florida wars Thomas was useful as a guide, and in after years it was his delight to recall his acquaintance and adventures with the Indian chiefs Jumper, Micanokee, Wild Cat, King Philip, Osceola, Tiger Tail, and Billy Bowlegs. In 1822 he purchased the freedom of himself and wife, and for forty years thereafter he was sexton of the M. E. church at Tallahassee. His wife died at five P. M. on July 21, and at half-past ten, that night, he died.

BENDERNAGEL, Frederick—Of the Second District Police of Philadelphia—there, July 27, aged 33.

BENJAMIN, Mrs. Ella—Wife of Park Benjamin of *The Scientific American*, and daughter of John C. Campbell, Chief-engineer of the Croton-water Works, this city—Schenectady, N. Y., about July 24.

DOMINGUE, Michele—Ex-President of the Dominion of Hayti. He was born in 1800, on the island of Curacoa, his parents, whose name was Macoom, being slaves. At fifteen years of age he ran away from his master and went to Hayti. Entering the Haytien army as soon as he was of age, he participated in the revolutions peculiar to that country, and inclusive of that of 1844. Afterwards, as one of a band of agrarians, he made war upon the wealthy farmers. This band, being akin to the class known in France as La Jacquerie, were called Piquetti. In 1845 he was captured and sentenced to be shot. He was seriously injured, but not fatally, and his life was thus spared him. In 1847 he rejoined the army and gained rapid promotion, becoming under the Empire the Count of Plymouth, and later an Equerry-in-waiting to the Empress Adelina, and General-in-chief of the Southern Department. In 1868 he took a prominent part in the Salnave Revolution, and on June 14, 1874, he became inaugurated President of Hayti, succeeding Nessage Saget. His Cabinet consisted of M. Excellent, Minister of Foreign Relations; Heurtelion, Interior and Agriculture; Faure, War and Navy; and Boco, Justice. Domingue and his nephew, Septimus Rameau, the Vice-president, were soon engaged in stupendous frauds, in absorbing money from the Treasury and Custom-house, while the whole executive department was nothing but a nest of robbers. In February, 1875, he signed a treaty of amity and commerce with the neighboring Republic of St. Domingo, President Gonzales affixing his signature on behalf of the Dominican Government. About this time the Spanish Government presented Domingue with a number of valuable horses and decorated him with the cross Isabella la Catolica as a return for his banishing all the Cuban refugees from Hayti. To commemorate great deeds of Domingue, an Iron Pantheon was sent to Hayti, which was constructed in Birmingham, Eng., and dedicated "To the Great Men of Hayti," and in which Domingue was to have the most prominent place. On May 1, 1875, a revolution broke out in Port-au-Prince, in which General Biron Canal, the actual President, took a prominent part. He saved his life and that of Domingue and his residence of the American Minister, E. D. Bassett. On Sept. 27, 1875, Secretary-of-state Fish agreed with the Haytien Minister in this country that Canal should leave Mr. Bassett's house and be allowed to leave Hayti. This was subsequently carried into effect, and Domingue's rage against the United States was appeased, for Canal had been sentenced to death meanwhile as a traitor. In April, 1876, Canal arrived at St. Marc, Hayti, and inaugurated another revolution. Domingue fled the island, but his nephew, the Vice-president, was killed while endeavoring to run away with a quantity of money from the Treasury. Domingue subsequently reached Jamaica, and Canal reigned in his stead. News of Domingue's death in Jamaica was received in this city on July 27.

DOTTERER, Davis H.—A well known resident of West Philadelphia, and senior member of the firm of D. H. Dotterer & Co., manufacturers of carboxes—that city, July 28, aged 70.

DUNBAR, Thomas J.—Prominent member of the Democratic party in Boston, Mass., where he was also foremost as a business-man. He was the founder of the Boston Bay Steamboat and Land Company—Boston, July 29.

FURNESS, Leon—Well-known New Yorker. He had inherited an income of about $16,000 per annum, and was a generous liver. Alleged suicide by shooting—Washington Heights, this city, July 27, aged about 33.

GLADING, William—Early in life a cooper in Philadelphia, subsequently a merchant, and one of the oldest Masons in that city—there, July 27, aged 70.

GATES, William—Proprietor of the lucifer-match factory at Frankfort, N. Y.—there, July 28.

GOSS, Hon. Ephraim—Formerly a State Senator—Dover Hord, N. Y., July 27, aged 71.

GRAHAM, ——, Grand-master of the Orange Young Britons of Canada—Ottawa, Can., July 25.

HUNT, Hon. George Ward—First Lord of the English Admiralty. Born at Buckhurst on July

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE CLUBS.

July 31, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 31, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
Aug. 2, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
Aug. 2, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
Aug. 4, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
Aug. 4, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
Aug. 6, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
Aug. 6, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
Aug. 7, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Aug. 7, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
Aug. 7, 8, Boston vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn.

OTHER CLUBS.

July 30, 31, Indianapolis vs. Boston, at Indianapolis.
July 30, 31, Auburn vs. Rhode Island, at Providence.
July 31, Crystal vs. Alaska of S. I., at Brooklyn.
July 31, Jefferson of Brooklyn vs. Volunteer, at Po'keepsie.
July 31, Orange vs. Enterprise, at Orange, N. J.
July 31, Athletic vs. Quickstep, at Wilmington, Del.
July 31, Defiance vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia.
July 31, Manchester vs. Red Cap, at St. Paul, Minn.
July 31, Continental vs. Monticello, at Jersey City.
July 31, Resolute vs. Stottsville, at S'ottsville.
Aug. 1, Boston vs. Standard, at Wheeling, W. Va.
Aug. 1, Auburn vs. Pittsfield, at Pittsfield, Mass.
Aug. 1, Krystal vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 1, Witoka vs. Monitor, at Waterbury.
Aug. 1, Athletic vs. Defiance, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 1, Lafayette vs. Crescent, at Plainfield, N. J.
Aug. 1, Resolute vs. Lone Star, at Catskill.
Aug. 1, Star vs. Union of Morrisania, at Greenville, N. J.
Aug. 1, 2, 3, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 2, Auburn vs. Nolan, at Albany, N. Y.
Aug. 2, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Indianapolis.
Aug. 2, Orange vs. Chelsea, at Orange.
Aug. 2, Jefferson vs. Star, at Greenville.
Aug. 2, Milwaukee vs. Manchester, at Milwaukee, Wis.
Aug. 2, 3, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 2, 3, Boston vs. Allegheny, at Pittsburg.
Aug. 3, Auburn vs. Haymaker, at Lansingburg.
Aug. 3, Resolute vs. Yohoes, at Cohoes, N. Y.
Aug. 3, Star vs. Sylvan of New York, at Greenville.
Aug. 4, Alaska vs. Arlington of S. I., at West Brighton.
Aug. 4, Magnolia vs. Astor, at Stapleton, S. I.
Aug. 4, Resolute vs. Haymaker, at Lansingburg.
Aug. 4, Star vs. Clipper of New York, at Greenville.
Aug. 4, Orange vs. Chelsea, at Orange.
Aug. 4, Lafayette vs. Winona, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 4, Rocking Chair vs. Keystone, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 4, 6, Manchester vs. Tecumseh, at London, Can.
Aug. 5, Buckeye vs. St. Louis, at Columbus, O.
Aug. 5, Amity vs. Protectory, at Westchester, N. Y.
Aug. 6, Jefferson of Brooklyn vs. Monitor, at Waterbury.
Aug. 7, Indianapolis vs. Chicago, at Indianapolis.
Aug. 7, Lafayette vs. Crescent, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 8, 9, Manchester vs. Maple Leaf, at Guelph, Can.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Owing to the inability of the members of the League Board to reach Chicago on July 27, the meeting of the League had to be postponed until this week, consequently nothing definite was done in regard to a permanent settlement of the status of the new Cincinnati Club. *The Chicago Tribune* states that the Cincinnati Club games will not be counted in the final award, though the agreement signed by the several club directors expressly names all games played by the old nine prior to June 1 and by the new nine since July 2 are to be counted. In view of the doubtful position of things we give below two tables, one counting the Cincinnati Club games, as per agreement, and the other throwing them out entirely.

	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston		2	7	5	4	2	20
Brooklyn	3		4	4	3	3	17
Chicago	1	1		1	2	1	6
Cincinnati	1	1	4		3	2	11
Louisville		4	6	3		2	15
St. Louis		4	6	3	2		16
Games lost		13	27	16	14	10	80

	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston		7	5	4	3	29
Brooklyn	3		4	3	3	23
Chicago	1	3		2	1	8
Louisville	4	3	3		2	20
St. Louis	4	3	5	2		19
Games lost	12	16	17	11	9	85

By this record St. Louis takes the lead, with Louisville second and Boston third.

In a week or two the League nines will be playing together in Boston and Brooklyn, when the most exciting portion of the pennant-race will take place. There may be also a Chicago and Cincinnati between Boston, Louisville, St. Louis and Brooklyn. Chicago has a hard row to hoe to pull up, and Cincinnati—well as they are playing now under the better management they receive—are likely to be last on the list as they were in 1876.

EAST VS. WEST.

The last Western tour of the Eastern nines has ended, and we find that in the aggregate of won games the East leads the West by 32 to 27, as the appended record shows:

EASTERN VICTORIES.

	Chicago.	*Cincin.*	*Louisville.*	*St. Louis.*	*Won.*
Boston	7	5	4	2	18
Brooklyn	4	4	4	3	15
Games lost...11	9	8	8	5	32

WESTERN VICTORIES.

	Boston.	*Brooklyn.*	*Won.*
Chicago	1	3	4
Cincinnati	4	3	7
Louisville	4	6	10
St. Louis	6	5	11
Games lost	12	15	27

It will be seen that Boston leads the East and St. Louis the West. It is noteworthy that Chicago has been worse beaten by the Eastern nines than even the Cincinnatis. With a lead of 32 games the East ought to close up in September with a victory over the West.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The position of affairs in the International pennant race has not materially changed since our last, as will be seen. The Allegheny Club still leads in the International pennant race, the Rochesters now being second, and the Buckeyes third. The Tecumsehs occupy fourth place, the Manchesters fifth, and the Live Oaks and Maple Leafs stand sixth and seventh. The contest now lies between the first four of the above-named clubs:

	Allegheny.	Buckeye.	Live Oak.	Manchester.	Maple Leaf.	Rochester.	Tecumseh.	Games Won.
Allegheny		0	2	2	3	1	3	12
Buckeye	0		4	2	1	0	3	10
Live Oak	1	1		1	1	0	0	4
Manchester	1	1	2		2	0	2	8
Maple Leaf	1	2	3	3		2	0	11
Rochester	1	1	3	3	0		1	9
Tecumseh	0	1	3	1	2	1		8
Games lost	4	10	11	8	8	4	3	48

OARSMAN.

as an oarsman had minence, died at the tbush, L. I., on Wed- the thirty-sixth year have been the result d by indulging in a town Creek while in- eceased first came 75, when he repre- oat Club of Green- oga Regatta, being races for State esident's Cup, Aug. th Robert H. Orr as in the double-scull me year he appeared gles at the N. A. A. O. Regatta, being came out as a pro- cession of John Big- ew took his thwart, irst heat of the four- egatta, being beaten the only part of last with Biglin, Engle- formation of a four rofessional regattas e won the pair-oared Regatta, June 13, de- s and others. In the efore the Fourth of ng part in the Boston om rowing in a pair, illness was serious, ded the strong man ealth received him of ndured without mur- wn and liked by a sincerely regretted y-built, well-propor- of grit and stamina, was very promising. ife, held July 28, the fol- ere adopted:

ine Rule" to call from and associate John W.

gh character of our late an American oarsman honor his memory by a erfore, be it n W. Maxwell causes us widely recognized as an ue friend and a loving

artfelt sympathy to the our or theft are silicted care and consola- reme will we should all

solutions, properly en- ly of deceased, and pub-

TINE, } Committee.

THING TO SAY.

ded communication certain statements the occasion of the

, N. Y., July 26, 1877. saw a card from Mr. ring that I was one of betting on Friday's considerable money the afternoon of the to me and said that it someone had dosed up my mind to hedge. a friend of Courtney, money in justice to e this card the same hat of Mr. George. John E. McIlvoy.

r-oared race came ne Lower River at een the McCallum (bow), Robert Rol- stroke), and Martin rowed by Marsene eman Green, Gor- Green (cox.) The ut was soon over- the turning-buoy mage, and keep- length and a half.

. and Orion R. and pair-oared race in July 28. The dis- ult; with a turn, and onites with ease, by ter. Time, 13min. ollins, Hudson-o- e), Wm. Clark (cox- man, W. F. Myers vain!

n Benjamin Brem- hn Q. Hayes of the n, N. J., took place ghtaway. Won by race took place on en George N. Hox- d R. Weiss of the e contested, Weiss ss.

CLUBS of Boston, are to have a re- ere will be three d working-boats— hird, $20. Single- 75; second, $25; rking-boat race— d third, $15.

a match between Hanlan are said r past Tuesday night, d knows no more ad in the papers. tch, but probably d be consulted in

e fifth champion- s., on July 28. e first class, and nners were: first L., owned by Mr. 15ft. 3in., Mr. Brickwood officiated as

OARSMAN.

By the above record it will be seen that Boston still leads, with Louisville second and Brooklyn third, Louisville having the fewest defeats. By the record throwing all the Cincinnati Club games out the position, it will be seen, is materially changed.

	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston		2	7	4	2	2	17
Brooklyn	3		4	3	3	3	16
Chicago	1	1		1	2	1	6
Cincinnati	1	2	4		3	2	12
Louisville	4	3	3	2		2	14
St. Louis	4	3	5	2	2		16
Games lost	13	14	23	12	12	10	84

	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston		2	7	4	2	2	15
Brooklyn	3		4	3	3	3	16
Chicago	1	1		3	4	1	10
Cincinnati	1	2	1		3	2	9
Louisville	4	3	3	2		2	14
St. Louis	4	3	5	3	2		17
Games lost	13	14	20	15	14	10	86

CLIPPER vs. MANCHESTER.

On July 25 the Clipper and Manchester (N. H.) clubs met for the first time, at Winona, Minn., the former winning through their splendid batting, the new ring was rounded in, but the ninth inning never being equaled on those grounds before. It was a brilliant game throughout, heavy batting being the feature for both nines.

CLIPPER.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Talley, r. f., 5	0	3	1	1	0	1
Smiley, s. s., 6	0	2	0	2	4	3
Valentine, p. 5	0	0	1	1	3	0
Curry, 2d b., 5	1	3	1	6	2	1
Dickerson, l. f. 4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Grierson, c. f. 4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Sutton, 1st b., 4	1	1	1	9	0	0
Brady, 1st b. 3	1	1	2	0	1	1
Baker, c. ... 4	1	2	4	4	2	1
Totals ... 39	7	13	27	15	12	7

MANCHESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelly, c. ... 5	1	1	3	6	1	1
Daily, s. s. 5	0	1	1	1	1	0
Woodhead, 3b 4	0	0	3	3	1	
Cogswell, lb 4	0	0	12	0	0	
Snigr, p. ... 4	0	0	1	4	1	
Gallagher, l. f 4	1	0	1	3	0	
O'Rourke, c. f 4	1	0	1	3	0	
West, 2d b. ... 4	1	2	4	3	1	
Lanahan, r. f. 5	0	0	1	0	0	
Totals ... 37	5	3	27	24	5	

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Clipper	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	5	7
Manchester	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	5

Earned runs—Clipper, 3. Two-base hits—Kelly, 1; Daily, 1; O'Rourke, 1; Talley, 2; Brady, 1; Baker, 1. Three-base hits—Dickerson, 1; Phillips, 1. Bases on called balls—Cogswell, Snigr, Brady. Passed balls—Kelly, 1; Daily, 1. Struck out—Clipper, 3; Manchester, 2. Called strikes—off Valentine, 21; Snigr, 6. Called balls—on Valentine, 19; Snigr, 15. Double-plays—West, Curry and Woodhead; Phillips and Brady. Umpire, Frank Coleman. Time, 2h.

The Winonas have been strengthened by the acquisition of five of the best players of the disbanded Erles—L. Talley, M. Talley, J. Curry, H. Dickerson and W. Smiley, all of whom played in this game.

CRICKET vs. ROCHESTER.

The Cricketers of Binghamton, N. Y., went to Rochester on July 28, and took the home nine to the lively tune of 7 to 1. Burkalew, p., and Kennedy, c., formerly with the Memphis Reds, have joined the Rochesters.

ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hayes, r. f. ... 4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Luff, c. ... 4	1	1	0	0	1	
Caskin, s. s., 4	0	1	1	1	1	
Kennedy, c., 5	0	2	12	0	1	
Shattuck, 2b. 4	0	0	3	1	2	
Tipper, l. f., 4	0	0	0	0	0	
Madden, 3d b 4	0	0	0	1	1	
Burkalew, p. 4	0	0	1	7	2	
Wait, 1st b., 3	0	0	9	0	3	
Totals ... 36	1	5	27	11	14	

CRICKET.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Purcell, r. f., 3	1	0	0	0	0	
McGun'ss, lb 4	1	0	17	0	1	
Rich'ds'n, c. f 4	1	2	1	0	0	
Richm'd, s. s., 4	0	0	1	2	1	
Smith, 3d b., 4	0	0	0	4	2	
Kennedy, l. f., 4	0	0	2	1	0	
Baker, 1. f. ... 4	0	0	2	1	0	
Roche, c. ... 4	0	0	4	1	1	
Alcott, p. ... 4	0	0	0	4	1	
Totals ... 36	3	2	27	13	6	

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Rochester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Cricket	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	5	0—7

Earned run—Cricket, 1. Struck out—Cricket, 7. Umpire, L. M. Mandeville.

Joseph Simmons has been appointed manager of the Rochester in place of Mr. Brackett, resigned. The club is engaged to play games with the following named clubs on the dates given:

July 31, Syracuse Stars, at Rochester; Aug. 1, 2, Tecumsehs, at London; Aug. 7, 8, Binghamtons, at Binghamton; Aug. 9, 10, Wilkesbarres, at Wilkesbarre; Aug. 11, 13, Manchesters, at Manchester; Aug. 15, 16, Louisvilles, at Rochester; Aug. 18, 20, Tecumsehs, at Rochester; Sept. 4, Cincinnati Reds, at Cincinnati.

PHILADELPHIA vs. QUICKSTEP AND DEFIANCE.

The now defiant Philadelphia Club played the Quicksteps at Wilmington, Del., July 23, and the Defiance nine at Philadelphia on the 24th, winning the first and losing the second game. Scores follow:

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Jackson, s. s. ...	1	1	0	1
Baker, lb. ...	2	1	8	0
Bechtel, r. ...	1	2	0	0
Phillips, l. ...	0	0	3	0
Myers, 2d b. ...	0	0	2	3
Hume, c. ...	0	1	10	2
Birchall, 3d b. ...	0	1	4	1
McMullin, c. f. ...	0	0	1	0
Ward, p. ...	1	1	2	2
Totals ...	5	8	27	8

QUICKSTEP.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Say, s. s. ...	0	0	2	3
Bingr, lb. ...	0	0	9	0
Mincher, l. f. ...	1	1	3	0
Rutter, 2d b. ...	0	0	2	4
Stratton, p. ...	0	0	1	2
Fisher, 3d b. ...	0	2	2	3
Barbret, c. ...	0	0	5	0
Shaw, s. s. ...	1	0	1	3
Pfeffer, l. f. ...	0	0	1	0
Fields, c. f. ...	0	1	2	0
Lomas, p. ...	0	0	0	0
Totals ...	2	4	27	15

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5—5
Quicksteps	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—2

Earned runs—Philadelphia, 1. Two-base hits—Bechtel, 2. Umpire, Thomas Kane. Time, 1h. 30m.

DEFIANCE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Barber, c. ...	0	1	7	1
Moore, s. s. ...	0	0	1	3
Delmire, 1st b. ...	1	1	13	0
Gilmore, 2d b. ...	0	0	1	3
Sloan, c. f. ...	0	0	1	0
Stover, p. ...	0	1	0	2
Ganster, 3d b. ...	0	0	3	3
Rourke, l. f. ...	1	0	2	0
Tomlinson, r. ...	0	1	0	0
Totals ...	2	4	27	12

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Jackson, s. s. ...	0	0	0	3
Baker, lb. ...	0	0	9	0
Bechtel, r. f. ...	0	0	2	0
Phillips, l. f. ...	0	0	1	0
Myers, 2d b. ...	0	0	2	2
McMullin, c. f. ...	0	0	2	0
Birchall, 3d b. ...	0	0	0	1
Hume, c. ...	0	0	11	0
Ward, p. ...	0	1	0	4
Totals ...	0	1	27	10

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Defiance	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire, William Warr. Time, 1h. 45m.

MOHAWK vs. EON.

A fine game of ball took place on Saturday, July 28, between the Eons of Rossville, N. J., and the Mohawks of Tottenville, S. I., on the latter's grounds. Only six innings were played, the game being interrupted by darkness. The Eons were the one man, which, however, did not prevent them from playing a good game. The pitching and catching of McFarland and O'Connor of the Mohawks was most effective. On the side of the Eons Beadle and C. Gotte did some fine work.

MOHAWK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Yeamans, 2d b. ...	2	1	0	
Rutan, r. f. ...	1	2	0	
O'Connor, c. ...	0	0	14	
Palmer, s. s. ...	0	0	0	
McFarland, p. ...	0	0	1	
Ellis, 3d b. ...	0	0	0	
Powers, 1st b. ...	3	2	2	
Polhemus, c. f. ...	2	2	2	
Lyons, l. f. ...	1	2	0	
Totals ...	9	10	18	

EON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Burr, c. ...	1	1	3	
Shangle, s. s. ...	0	2	0	
Starin, 2d b. ...	0	1	3	
Crane, r. f. ...	0	0	0	
Beadle, 1st b. ...	1	1	9	
C. Gotte, l. f. ...	1	2	1	
E. Gotte, 3d b. ...	2	1	1	
Simmone, p. ...	1	0	1	
Totals ...	6	8	18	

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6
Mohawk	0	0	3	0	4	0—7
Eon	0	0	0	1	3	2—6

Umpire, H. Woodruff.

GERMANTOWN vs. ATHLETIC.

In a game played by the above nines, on the grounds of the Germantown, Pa., Club, on Thursday, July 26, the Athletics were beaten by two runs, after playing eleven innings:

GERMANTOWN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Davis, 2d b. ...	1	1	4	2
R. Newhall, 3d b. ...	2	2	1	2
Sharp, c. ...	0	0	6	0
C. Platt, 1st b. ...	0	0	8	0
Dando, l. f. ...	2	2	3	0
Wood, c. f. ...	3	2	3	0
D. Newhall, s. s. ...	1	1	2	4
Govan, p. ...	0	0	1	1
Tiers, r. f. ...	0	0	1	0
Totals ...	9	6	33	10

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Sheitline, 2d b. ...	1	1	6	4
Keach, r. ...	1	2	2	0
Coons, 3d b. ...	2	1	2	2
Fisler, 1st b. ...	2	1	13	0
Herbert, c. ...	0	0	5	3
Shaw, s. s. ...	1	0	1	3
Pfeffer, l. f. ...	0	0	1	0
Fields, c. f. ...	0	1	2	0
Lomas, p. ...	0	0	0	1
Totals ...	7	9	33	10

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Athletic	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2
Germantown	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—2

Runs earned—Athletic, 2. Three-base hits—Sheitline, 1. Two-base hits—Coons, 1; Dixon, 1. Umpire, H. B. Phillips of the Philadelphias. Time, 2h. 30m.

MILWAUKEE vs. MANCHESTER AND CHICAGO.

Below are the scores of games played at Milwaukee, Wis., July 24, 25, between the Milwaukee and the Manchester and Chicagos respectively:

MILWAUKEE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Morgan, s. s. ...	5	1	1	0	4	2
Mills, 1st b. ...	5	0	1	2	16	0
Bennett, c. ...	5	0	1	4	0	2
Andrus, r. f. ...	4	0	3	1	1	0
Turner, c. f. ...	4	0	0	0	0	0
Macdonald, 2b ...	4	0	2	3	4	1
Weaver, p. ...	5	0	0	1	3	0
Dalrymple, lf ...	4	0	1	2	1	0
J. Rowe, 3d b ...	4	1	1	2	2	0
Totals ...	40	3	9	15	31	5

MANCHEST'R.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelley, c. ...	5	0	0	3	4	0
Daley, s. s. ...	4	0	0	1	7	0
Woodhead, 3b ...	4	0	0	2	2	0
Cogswell, lb ...	4	0	0	12	0	0
Snigr, p. ...	4	0	0	1	4	1
Gallagher, lf ...	4	0	1	3	0	0
O'Rourke, c. f. ...	4	0	1	3	0	0
West, 2d b. ...	4	1	2	4	3	1
Lanahan, r. f. ...	5	0	1	1	0	0
Totals ...	38	1	5	30	20	2

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hallinan, r. f. ...	4	1	2	1	0	0
McVey, c. ...	4	1	1	5	2	0
Anson, 3d b. ...	4	1	1	1	3	0
Peters, s. s. ...	4	0	0	2	0	0
Eggler, c. f. ...	5	0	0	1	0	0
Spalding, 2b ...	4	0	0	2	4	0
Glenn, 1st b. ...	3	0	0	12	0	0
Bradley, p. ...	4	1	0	0	5	0
Totals ...	36	5	5	27	16	1

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Milwaukee	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Passed balls—Bennett, 2. Double-play—Bradley, Spalding and Glenn. Three-base hit—Morgan, 1. Struck out—McVey, Eggler, Rowe. Earned run—Milwaukee, 1. Umpire, Mr. Furlong. Time, 1h. 45m.

LOWELL vs. AUBURN.

The Auburn (N. Y.) Club stopped two days in Lowell, Mass., July 25 and 26, and played two games with the home team. The first resulted in a defeat for the visitors, the Lowells batting Critchley "early and often" for safe hits. The Lowells earned five of their runs, and the Auburns followed suit for two, Mansell hitting for three bases in the second inning, and coming home on a single by Macullar. In the eighth Tobin and Dunlap did the same thing, the former coming home on Dunlap's base after earning third on a long drive to right-centre. Knight and Crane were unable to play, and their places were filled by Stoughton and Cook, Hawes playing first and Frank Whitney second, Stoughton left, and Cook centre-field. Sullivan led at the bat for the home team, and Stoughton played a good outfield. Hawes' first-base play was perfect, he taking all that came in his way. For the visitors Tobin's batting and base-play were good, and Keenan held Critchley's swift pitching finely.

LOWELL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stoughton, l. f. ...	0	0	1	4	0	1
F. Whitney, 2d b ...	2	2	4	4	5	1
Foley, p. ...	2	2	1	2	0	0
Sullivan, c. ...	1	3	3	2	1	0
Whitney, 3d b. ...	2	3	2	1	1	0
Hawes, 1st b. ...	1	1	10	1	0	0
Hewitt, c. f. ...	0	0	0	1	0	0
Wright, s. s. ...	0	3	1	1	0	0
Cook, c. f. ...	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals ...	10	19	27	12	7	1

AUBURN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b. ...	0	0	3	1	2
Thomas, r. f. ...	0	1	3	0	0
Tobin, 1st b. ...	1	1	8	0	0
Mansell, s. s. ...	0	0	3	0	0
Dunlap, 2d b. ...	0	2	1	5	0
Macullar, l. f. ...	0	1	2	0	0
Knight, 1st b. ...	0	0	1	0	0
Crane, c. f. ...	0	0	0	0	0
Barry, c. ...	0	0	0	0	0
Totals ...	2	4	27	12	2

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Lowell	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Auburn	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

Earned runs—Lowell, 5; Auburn, 1. Two-base hits—Foley, 11; Critchley, 12. Struck out—Foley, 11; Critchley, 12. Passed balls—Sullivan, 2; Barry, 1. Double-play—Sullivan and Barry. Earned runs—Lowell, 5; Auburn, 2. Umpire, J. J. Egan. Time, 2h. 30m.

The second meeting, like the first, resulted in a defeat for the visitors, Knight not being played in his position at first, but Crane was still unable to play, Stoughton taking his place. Critchley took a day off, and Macullar pitched for seven innings, and then Dunlap finished the game. Baker, the Auburn's new man, played his first game with the visitors, and did very well, second inning won lots of glory by raising a ball into the outfield for a home-run. Foley led the batting for the Lowells, hitting for seven total bases. Sullivan followed with a total of five, and Hawes and Wright hit for three singles each.

LOWELL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stoughton, l. f. ...	1	0	1	0	1
F. Whitney, 2d b ...	2	2	3	3	1
Foley, p. ...	1	3	3	2	1
Sullivan, c. ...	1	3	3	2	1
A. Whitney, 3b ...	0	1	0	1	0
Hawes, 1. ...	1	3	2	1	0
Piggott, r. ...	1	0	2	1	0
Wright, s. s. ...	1	3	0	5	1
Cook, c. f. ...	0	0	0	0	0
Knight, 1st b. ...	0	0	1	0	0
Totals ...	9	15	15	15	4

AUBURN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b. ...	0	0	3	1	2
Thomas, r. f. ...	0	1	3	0	0
Tobin, 1st b. ...	1	1	8	0	0
Mansell, s. s. ...	0	0	0	3	0
Dunlap, 2d b. ...	0	2	2	1	5
Macullar, p. ...	0	0	1	3	0
Baker, l. f. ...	0	0	1	0	0
Crane, c. f. ...	0	0	0	0	0
Barry, c. ...	0	0	3	0	1
Totals ...	1	4	21	8	8

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

LOVERS' CORNER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ED. DILLON.

I know a nook, a sweet, sequestered shade,
Where love, just born and died in infancy, was laid—
A pretty, rustic spot,
Where hyacinths and woodbine wreaths are made,
And tied in lovers' knot;
Where linnet, thrush, the goldfinch and the lark,
Shake from their wings the dewy diamond spark
In golden sunrise.
There, known but by affection, and without a mark,
Young love dies.

In sooth, it is a pretty spot, where lovelorn swains
In willing slavery, held by golden chains,
To worship bow,
And by the bright, pale moon and lovers' pains
They seal their vow.

But Arab most devout ne'er lifts his eyes
To Mecca at sun's set or early rise,
Of cons his book
With more devotion or more heartfelt sighs,
Than I that nook.

Moryan City, La., June 17, '77.

DEATH ON THE STAGE:
A ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

Excitement in the office of *The Daily Wrangler*. From the managing editor down to Taps, the small boy who carried copy to the composing-room, everybody was in a state of unusual and undeniable excitement. When Mr. Bixby entered the office, at eight o'clock in the morning, he was heard to exclaim, in a voice which indicated suppressed amazement:

"By Jove, it's astonishing!"

"A big sensation," observed Mr. Grinnel, the city editor.

"I think we ought to get out an extra," returned Mr. Bixby as he removed his hat and coat and gave a spasmodic shake to each leg—a habit which the managing editor had fallen into from the fact that his trowsers were invariably too short.

"That's a fact," rejoined Mr. Grinnel.

"And we must have these people interviewed," continued Mr. Bixby. "If the Governor objects to an extra, we must beat *The Raven*, at all events. By thunder, what a capital story it will make, though!"

And here, perhaps, I may be pardoned for anticipating the extra edition of *The Daily Wrangler*, and giving a brief account of what Mr. Grinnel was pleased to call "a big sensation."

On the evening before, in the Packertown Opera-house—Packertown, it will be understood, was the field in which *The Daily Wrangler* scattered its seeds of wisdom and reform—a scene had occurred "not down on the bills." (That sentence I quote, because it was used in the graphic report which *The Wrangler* printed.) During the performance of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," the audience assembled in the Packertown Opera-house had been startled by seeing a man leap suddenly from one of the proscenium boxes on to the stage, draw a pistol, and discharge it full in the face of the actor who was playing the character of Sir Oliver. He had then turned upon the lady who impersonated Lady Teazle, and raised the weapon as if to fire again; but before he could do so Charles Surface had sprung forward and grasped his arm, while others of the company, rushing forward, had wrested the pistol from his hand. The curtain had been rung down upon this unexpected scene, while the audience was left in a state of bewildering suspense. A moment or two later the stage-manager, stepping before the footlights, had announced that the performance would not be continued, inasmuch as the gentleman who had played Sir Oliver was seriously, but it was hoped not fatally, injured. The immediate services of a physician were requested, and, as Dr. Dayton chanced to be in the auditorium, he forthwith made his way to the stage and behind the scenes. Close after him followed Mr. Bixby, and also representatives of *The Raven* and *The Bugle*, which together made up the daily press of Packertown. These gentlemen had found the wounded actor in a dying condition. The bullet had entered the left temple, and lodged in the brain. In less than ten minutes after the shooting occurred Robert Leighton, the Sir Oliver of the play, lay dead.

And thus tragedy threw its black shadow over comedy.

Meantime the murderer had surrendered submissively to the police-officers, and was taken under their custody to the nearest station-house. Nobody knew him. A small man, with thin, colorless lips, dark eyes which looked restlessly out from their deep-sunken sockets, pale face, and high, narrow forehead, he had been observed among the auditors on the night preceding the tragedy, but beyond this his identity was wholly a mystery. At the station-house he gave his name as William White, his profession that of an actor, and his age as thirty.

"Where do you live?" asked the sergeant.

"Wherever I chance to be," was the reply.

And with this, William White, who persistently refused to give the officers any further information respecting himself or his crime, was locked up in one of the station-house cells.

At the theatre, the members of the company professed absolute ignorance, not only of the cause of the murder, but of the man who had committed it. Miss Helen Densmore, the Lady Teazle of the play, was thrown into such a state of nervous excitement that she was unable to answer any questions, and as speedily as possible was removed to her hotel. The other actors declared that they had never seen the murderer before, and that Robert Leighton was not known to have an enemy in the world.

So much as I have here recorded appeared on the morning after the tragedy in the columns of *The Packertown Bugle*. It remained for the afternoon journals to furnish fuller details of the event, and to explain, if possible, the mystery which enshrouded it. No wonder that excitement reigned in the office of *The Daily Wrangler*.

Mr. Bixby, after reading over the report contained in *The Bugle*, and calling attention to numerous minor little inaccuracies therein contained, proceeded to give directions to Mr. Grinnel. Mr. Bixby was a man of insignificant avoirdupois, but of decided opinions and an abiding faith in his own journalistic acquirements. The pompousness of his manner more than compensated for the lightness of his body. He prided himself upon his ability to "rise to a situation"—and I must do him the credit to say that no situation ever proved too exalted for his "rising" powers. When the Packertown Jail had been investigated, Mr. Bixby had at once arisen to the situation, and shown conclusively that all the jails in the country were blots upon civilization. When the people of Packertown had cried out against gas monopolies and taken to burning kerosene, Mr. Bixby illuminated the subject to such an extent that it became evident that the fate of gas was sealed forever. Now that a mysterious murder had occurred, Mr. Bixby rose again to the situation, and determined to show the detested *Raven* and the despised *Bugle* what journalism really was.

"Boy!" shouted the managing editor, when he had finished his directions to Mr. Grinnel. "Where the deuce is that boy?"

From the outer office a meek voice answered: "I'm a-coming, sir."

And a moment later Taps made his appearance. Taps was a continual thorn in Mr. Bixby's side. He was the defenseless rock against which beat the small but mighty man's outbursts of wrath. I use that simile not because there was anything rock-like about Taps, except that the waves of anger and indignation rolled harmlessly over his head. The boy was not a bad boy, but his memory was treacherous, and he spent altogether too much time in brushing his hair in the form of a half moon over his forehead.

"Why the devil," said Mr. Bixby, "don't you come when I call you? Here, take this copy to Carper, and find Gus. Don't much ahead they are, and when see if Mr. Henshaw is in his office."

Taps took the manuscript, withdrew, and three minutes afterwards reappeared. He was followed by Mr. Henshaw, who was known in the office as "The Governer," and who was the sole proprietor of *The Daily Wrangler*. Mr. Henshaw listened with interest to the account of the tragedy at the Opera-house, but immediately vetoed Mr. Bixby's idea of "an extra."

"I think the regular editions will be enough," remarked Mr. Henshaw. "Let us have all the facts, however. You will attend to that, Mr. Grinnel."

Mr. Grinnel thereupon called in three of his reporters, and under the supervision of Mr. Bixby proceeded to instruct these gentlemen as to their duties.

"This is a big thing," said the city editor, "and we want four columns on it at the least. Hammond will write up the story, Brown will take care of the police-business and the prisoner, and I want you, Boynton, to go round to the hotel and interview Helen Densmore."

"Yes," interposed Mr. Bixby; "make her talk!"

"Just ask her what she knows about it," continued Mr. Grinnel. "Whether she ever saw this man or not; whether Leighton said anything after he was shot; whether she was intimately acquainted with Leighton. Get her to talking, and make a column interview out of it. Everybody will want to see what she says. It's the sensation of the day!"

Thus instructed, the reporters of *The Daily Wrangler* went forth to unravel the mystery of the murder of Robert Leighton.

At the hotel Boynton found Miss Densmore, who was still greatly agitated over the events of the preceding evening. With what success he probed the lady with interrogatories may be determined from his own account of the interview, printed in the columns of *The Daily Wrangler*, and herewith reproduced without the change of a word:

When *The Wrangler* reporter entered the room he found Miss Densmore seated in an easy-chair, drawn close to the grate, in which a cheerful fire was blazing. Those who have seen the lady on the stage only would with difficulty have recognized her as she appeared this morning. Her face was very pale, and an expression of deepest anxiety was discernible in her fine eyes. During the interview which is given below, and which will be read with profound interest, Miss Densmore evinced much agitation, and was several times obliged to stop in her narrative.

The reporter upon entering the room at once made known the object of his visit, and the following interview then took place:

REPORTER.—Will you permit me to ask you such questions as may occur to me concerning last night's tragedy?

MISS DENSMORE.—I will tell you all that I know.

REPORTER.—Are you acquainted with the man who shot Robert Leighton?

MISS DENSMORE (hesitatingly).—Yes; I have known him for many years.

REPORTER.—Can you assign any reason for the act—for the murder?

MISS DENSMORE (after a long pause).—To answer that question I must go back to my early life, and tell you some things which I should prefer to keep secret. (Another pause of several minutes.) Yet I shall have to tell it all in court, I suppose. (A third pause.) Perhaps it is as well to tell it now.

REPORTER.—I certainly think so, Miss Densmore.

MISS DENSMORE.—Have they taken him into custody?

REPORTER.—The murderer? Yes.

MISS DENSMORE.—I must begin my story eight years back. I had then but recently gone upon the stage. I was playing in one of the New York City theatres, when I first met with Emory Ames. He was introduced to me by a lady member of the company, who told me that he was very rich and that he had taken a great fancy for me. Mr. Ames was a young man of not more than twenty two or three, anything but prepossessing in his appearance, and not especially agreeable in manner. I saw him, perhaps, half a dozen times during that season, and was much astonished when, in the following Summer, I received a letter from him containing a proposal of marriage.

That letter I answered promptly and politely, telling him that its contents had taken me wholly by surprise, and that I could not become his wife, because I bore him no love. Within a week I received a second letter, in which he wrote that he neither asked nor expected love; that if I would consent to become his wife, I should have all that money could purchase, and that he would intrude himself as little as possible upon my society.

"It will be enough," he said—I remember the exact wording of the letter—"it will be enough to care for you and provide for you the luxuries of life. This is all I can hope for."

I was then a girl of twenty, and had been forced to fight my way in the world single-handed. I loved my art, but I loved also the pleasures which money can alone bring, and I confess that the offer held out by this man dazzled me. You must remember that I had not then attained to that degree of success which has since attended me. I was without reputation on the stage, and was glad to work for a meagre salary. In view of all this, it was not strange that the idea of becoming a rich man's wife turned my head. I had no one to go to for counsel, and so I acted upon my own impulses. Those impulses led me to marry Emory Ames, for whom I had neither love nor respect.

I think I had not seen my husband in all more than a dozen times before our marriage. I will do him the justice to say that he treated me kindly, and that for the first six months after I became his wife we lived as happily as it was possible for us to live under the circumstances. But there could be no true happiness in such a union as ours. I felt no love for him, and what was at first indifference gradually became a positive dislike. Tired of the ease and sumptuous manner of living which we indulged in, and longed to return to the stage. This, however, my husband would not listen to, and I found that I had given up my art for the poor recompense of fine clothes and costly jewels.

We were married in August. Early in the following Spring—it was March, I think—we attended the theatre one night, and just as we were stepping from the lobby into the street, at the conclusion of the performance, a woman with a child in her arms approached us and asked for charity. My husband did not see her at first, nor she him; but, as I stopped to take out my purse, the light fell full in her face, and they looked at each other a moment intently. Then the woman gave a cry, as of sudden pain, and said in a whisper, which I heard distinctly:

"God forgive you, Emory Ames!"

My husband seized hold of my arm and forced me into our carriage, which stood waiting. I saw from his manner that he was very much excited, and in response to my inquiry, "Who is that woman?" he answered:

"How should I know? Some begging impostor, I suppose!"

I was far from satisfied with this explanation, but I held my peace.

The very next day, while my husband was absent from the house, a servant brought me word that a woman with a child in her arms was waiting to see me in the hall below. I went downstairs and found the woman to be the same who had asked me for charity the night before.

"Madam," she said, "I wish to see you privately and alone."

I led her into the library at the rear of the hall and closed the door.

"What is it that you want?" I inquired.

"You are the wife of Emory Ames, I believe?" she began. "You may perhaps remember of meeting me in the theatre lobby last night, where I asked you for alms. Had I known who you were, or who your husband was, I should not have made such a supplication. I should have spared myself the shame of begging from my own husband!"

"Your own husband?" I repeated mechanically. "What do you mean, woman?"

"I mean simply what I say," was her answer. "As God is my judge, I am the legal wife of Emory Ames, and this child, whom you see in my arms, is his child!"

I cannot say that this revelation stunned me so much as it roused my indignation against the man whom I had called my husband. Had I borne any love for him, the effect would have been different. Then I should have ordered the woman from the house and refused to listen to her story; as it was, I not only listened, but believed every word that she said. I offered her money, which she declined. Then I tried to persuade her to remain in the house until Emory Ames should return, but in vain.

"I shall never trouble him nor you again," she said. "His punishment I leave in God's hands."

And with that she departed. I have never seen her since.

I have already told you that at the time of my marriage I had no friends to whom I could go for counsel. There was one who would have been something more than a friend to me, had I permitted him, and that one was Robert Leighton, the man who now lies dead. In the desperate condition which I found myself upon discovering my husband's villainy, I put aside all feelings of pride, and wrote a letter to Mr. Leighton explaining what I had learned, and asking him for advice. He answered my missive in person. Meantime I had said nothing to Emory Ames of what I knew, although he must have mistrusted from my manner that I had come into possession of his secret.

It was on a Friday night, three days after the sending of my letter, that Robert Leighton called upon me. My husband was absent. Mr. Leighton advised me to take legal proceedings against Ames, and to bring forward the woman to prove his former marriage. I told him that the woman had gone, I knew not where, and that it was doubtful whether she could be found.

"Then," said he, "give me her name, and I will wait here until this man returns, and wring a confession of his guilt out of him!"

I told him the name the woman had given me was Alice Crosby. Mr. Leighton remained at the house until eleven o'clock, when my husband came home. He had known Robert Leighton slightly, and I think suspected his love for me. At all events, he was very cold in his greeting, and asked me tauntingly if I was accustomed to entertain gentlemen in his absence until that hour of the night. I made no reply, but Mr. Leighton said to him:

"It hardly becomes you, sir, to cast any reflections upon this lady whom you have wronged so grievously."

"What do you mean?" demanded Ames.

"I mean," answered Leighton quietly, "that you are an atrocious villain; that you have basely deserted your wife and child, and committed a crime which the law defines as bigamy and punisher with imprisonment!"

"It is a lie!" shrieked Ames, his face turning deathly pale.

"Unfortunately for you, it is not a lie, but the truth," rejoined Leighton. "When it becomes necessary to prove your rascality in a court of justice, there is one whose testimony will convict you beyond the shadow of doubt—and that one is Alice Crosby!"

The effect of these words upon Emory Ames was most remarkable. He sank down into a chair, trembling in every nerve, and fixed his eyes vacantly upon the floor. Then suddenly he threw himself on his knees at my feet, and implored me not to make his crime known to the world. He said that I should have all the money I wanted, that he would go away where I need never see him again, and that he would provide for the wife and child whom he had deserted. I never looked upon such abject fear as he displayed at that moment. All the cringing cowardice of his nature came to the surface, and I beheld the wretch stripped of the disguise he had so long worn, and revealed to me in his true character.

I will not dwell longer upon that scene. Perhaps I did not do what was right, but I agreed to take no legal steps to avenge my wrong. I promised, on condition that Emory Ames should make no effort to see me again, that I would keep the knowledge of his crime to myself—that I would shield him from the punishment he so richly deserved. I was led to this course from no pity for him, but because I could not bear the thought of subjecting myself to the unenviable notoriety which would inevitably attach to such a case in the courts. As for the man's money, I refused to touch a dollar beyond what I needed for my temporary wants. In all this I was advised and befriended by Robert Leighton, who has now paid the penalty of his life for the kindness he showed me in those dark days.

Upon separating from Ames I returned at once to my profession. My experience had been a bitter one, but it was not without good fruit. I made rapid progress, because my mind was now wholly given to my art. For five years after I left him, I heard nothing of the man who had been my husband. He went to Europe, I think, and I came to believe that he would never molest me more. About two years ago, however, I heard that he had returned to New York, and one evening shortly afterwards I was told that he had attended the theatre where I was playing. Since then, at varying intervals, I have heard of his whereabouts, but he made no attempt to see or communicate with me. Last Fall, when I accepted my present engagement with Mr. Wilson, I found that Robert Leighton was also to be a member of the company. I was glad to know this, for I had not seen him for many months. Our relations were most pleasant, and although I fancy he had not outlived his passion for me, he never spoke of love. About two weeks ago, while we were playing in Buffalo, Mr. Leighton received a threatening letter, which, although anonymous, I recognized at once as having been written by Emory Ames. In this missive the writer vowed that he would have revenge for some wrong which he hinted at only vaguely. Mr. Leighton, after showing me the letter, threw it into the fire, and I doubt whether he gave it another thought.

My long story draws to an end. Last night, during the first act, I recognized the occupant of the left-hand lower proscenium box. It was Emory Ames. I told Mr. Leighton that he was there, and poor Robert laughingly replied:

"Well, I suppose he has paid for the box, and we cannot put him out!"

What followed, you know. He intended, undoubtedly, to kill us both. Poor Robert! That he should have come to his death at the hands of so miserable a wretch as Emory Ames.

No wonder that *The Daily Wrangler*, in possession of such a thrilling narrative as this, should blaze forth in the glory of black-letter heads and innumerable small "cap" lines. No wonder that excitement should prevail in the office of the enterprising journal. No wonder that Taps should neglect the combing of his hair, or that Mr. Bixby, shaking his short trowsers with more than customary emphasis, should exclaim:

"By Jove, Grinnel, that's a capital story!"

And as if to fitly climax a tragedy of such absorbing interest, that very day came the intelligence that Emory Ames, alias William White, had committed suicide in the station-house cell!

Yet even in the midst of these crowding sensations Mr. Bixby rose to the situation. In the editorial columns of *The Wrangler*, after touching briefly upon the "points" in the tragedy, and dwelling at length upon the unrivaled enterprise of the journal itself, the managing editor mounted to the very apex of the situation by declaring: "Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!"

And therein, if never before, I am pleased to put myself on record as fully agreeing with Mr. Bixby.

SOMETIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EMAC CROOK.

Forever my heart is stirred
By the magic that lies in the word
"Sometime."
When the burdens of life are heavy to bear,
I say to myself: "Sometime, somewhere,
An end will come to all my care—
Sometime, sometime."
I shall find the heart that beats for me,
Rich with beauty the world will be,
My ship shall come sailing over the sea,
Sometime, sometime.

Sometime, I know,
Fresh roses will blow
In place of these that are lying low.
The sun will melt the drifts of snow,
And life will burn with a roseate glow—
Sometime, sometime.
Sometime the shadows which darken my way
Shall rise like the mist of the morning gray,
Revealing the splendors of glorious day—
Sometime, sometime.
My soul shall be warmed by the sun's own light,
My heart shall be glad and the world grow bright,
And forever shall vanish the black, black night—
Sometime, sometime.

When peace is fled,
And hope seems dead,
I live in the glory of Sometime;
I whisper the story of Sometime;
I weave into rhyme the beautiful time,
The radiant, rose-colored Sometime.
Sometime the day shall borrow
The splendor that gilds the morrow;
Sometime the burden of sorrow
Will fall at my feet.
Sometime the beautiful only
Shall brighten my pathway lonely,
And life will be sweet!

O the golden, glorious Sometime!
The marvelous, magical Sometime!
The strivings and yearnings, the heartaches and burnings,
The bitter desirings and mournings and spurnings,
Will cease with the dawn of Sometime.
No monarch who ever has set on a throne
In all his dominions could claim, for his own
So rare, so fair a possession as this—
The realm where the golden possible lies,
Shut out from the vision of grosser eyes,
Encircled about in a halo of bliss.

So forever my heart is stirred
By the magic that lies in the word "Sometime."
And when all the sands of my life are told,
And death lays hands on me icily cold,
Where the great throne stands my eyes shall behold
The white-robed bands in the streets of gold—
Sometime, sometime.

"ONE WOMAN'S LIFE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

It was all said and done in a moment's time. The full glory of the noonday-sun played into the neat little kitchen, where busy Avis was hurrying about, setting the table, seeing to the cooking, and attending in woman's fashion to a dozen things at once; and, in consequence of overmuch care, the pretty face was somewhat ruffled, and the fair brow drawn in an unbecoming frown, and the tow of human nature was just ready for a spark to kindle into a blaze, if it was not long in coming. A man's quick, firm tread came up the steps, and broad-shouldered, cheery-voiced John entered, and threw himself in a chair with a petulant:

"Well, Avis, will dinner *ever* be ready?"

"No, it won't," was the equally petulant rejoinder.

Oh, what a pitiful trifle to wreck two lives upon! But many a desolate home and many a broken heart have come from as light a word as this.

They were both out of temper; and maybe with some little reason, for the day was hot, and John had been hard at work since the dewy dawn, was hungry and tired, and the moon-faced clock on the mantel was on the stroke of one—an unprecedented hour for dinner in that thrifty household.

But then Avis had had a trying morning of it, too. In the first place, the bread wouldn't rise; and, when at last she had with much persuasion induced it to assume delectableness clear to every housekeeper's heart, the fire wouldn't burn. The wood was a thought too long for the shining little stove, and just the least bit green, and sputtered and smoked dismally through the tiny crack of the stove-door, that *wouldn't* stay shut. Then baby Ellice lost her kitten, and made pitiful moan over the bereavement, dogging her mother's busy step with incessant cry: "Kitty! Kitty! Want Kitty!" till what with the heat, the hurry and worry the poor little woman's good angel deserted her and left her to fight her fight single-handed.

Oh, what desperate need just then for the soft answer that "turneth away wrath:" for one little word followed another, till, with flaming cheeks and angry eyes, Avis said hotly:

"Very well, go; and I hope you'll never come back. I rue the hour that ever I set eyes upon you."

John started to his feet, savagely flung down a nosegay that toddling baby Ellice had crowded into his hand during the altercation, stopped on the threshhold to fling back under his breath and in a raging passion the angry answer: "I will go! You shan't say that again!" and was gone, striding down the treeless road of the frightened baby-voice calling: "Papa, papa!"

O Avis! call him back while there is yet time. Will you let your happiness slip from your grasp like that? She looked after him as his stalwart figure turned the corner and was lost to sight. O lonely Avis! how that memory stung you many a time in after years.

She turned silently from the door when the dusty country-road was empty, and began to clear away the untasted meal. In the course of her work she trod on the tiny knot of flowers John had thrown down in his passion, and she mechanically picked it up and laid it on a table; for Avis loved flowers, and handled them ever with affectionate care.

By-and-bye the work was all done, and baby Ellice asleep in her white nest, and Avis sat down with her sewing on the low step in the cool shade. It was a pretty, old-fashioned garden, where tall hollyhocks grew by the fences, and honeysuckles made gay the little porch, and pinks yielded their odorous sighs to the warm air, and, close by Avis, where she sat, a blossoming tuft of "Love-lies-bleeding." Ah! yes, Love indeed lay bleeding in her home, struck down by her angry hand, held down by her angry foot, vainly pleading to be raised to its wonted home. But the pretty face was stern, and the busy fingers paused often in their task, and the blue eyes looked absently over the clover-fields and apple-orchard, while the work slipped unheeded to her feet. At last her face softened, and her eyes filled.

"He never meant it," she said to herself. "John was in a passion, and so was I, and he'll come back by sundown, and we'll make it up, and never, never quarrel any more."

There had been none to say "nay" when John Cranshaw wooed pretty Avis Redmond; for both were orphans, and both had their way in the world to make for themselves, and a somewhat difficult task was finding it—Avis as village-teacher, and John as small market-gardener—when some country festivity threw them together, and straightway "the old, old story was told again," and Avis was smiling and blushing in the village-church, sweet as a pink in the simple wedding-garments. Hearty voices wished them joy, and willing hands helped Avis to renovate and adorn in a modest, homely way the atom of a cottage John had hired, and in which they lived in all the delights and disadvantages of bachelor-hood. Heaven smiled on them, and their joint fortunes throve apace, and in due time various little improvements and little womanly adornments made it a very snug little home indeed, and when baby Ellice crowned the whole with the rosy charm of infancy nothing was wanting.

But what sky is without its cloud? what rose without its thorn? Two young natures little used to self-discipline chafed each other. Loving each other tenderly, each was quick to resent a hasty word, and one word brings many another, like the tiny rivulets that give each its little all to swell the mighty river that rolls resistless to the sea.

So she sat that mellow afternoon, thinking intently of the happiness of her married life and the bare loneliness of the time when she was only the "teacher," and had "boarded round," having no home of her own, no strong arm to lean on over the rough places of life; and yet, remembering all this, she was a little slow to blame herself, a little loth to forgive John's hasty words.

"Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath!" Who said that just in her ear? She started up and looked around. No one was near, but the level rays of the declining sun poured broadly over the meadow-lands, and the tinkling bells of the home-coming herds broke musically on the silence.

Her cheeks burned as she realized she had spent the whole of the lovely afternoon cherishing her anger, till now it turned to sting her to quick repentance.

The sudden revulsion of feeling sent a song to her lips and a happy light into her eyes, and, hurrying into the house, she caught baby Ellice from her crib and cuddled her close, crying:

"Papa is coming, baby, and we'll meet him in the lane, and make him the nicest supper that ever was eaten."

A light heart and willing hand can do wonders, and soon the neat table was laid, and a brisk fire snapping and glowing in the little stove, and such simple dainties as John liked best in a state of delicate perfection.

Then Avis sat down on the steps again while the kettle sang merrily its homely song, and the crickets answered from the short, smooth grass. The night-moths flitted about, and the red sun went quite down.

What kept him so long, she wondered. An uneasy feeling crept over her as she sat, looking somewhat anxiously down the lane. The stars were coming out, and Star and Daisy were waiting patiently at the milking-yard gate.

"Why didn't he come? Why didn't he come?" Then, like a flash of lightning, striking her cold with terror, came the thought—perhaps he would never come again.

The words had stood on her lips, and hope dead in her heart. Mechanically she arose, took down shining milk-pails, let in the patient animals, milked, fed and watered them, and then, in her spotless dairy, strained and set away the shining pans of milk, all with a strange, numb feeling, and with one thought surging through her brain: "He will never come again, never any more." The fire was out, the kettle's song was still, and the table stood a mute reminder of the joyous hopes that went down with the sun.

"He would not come." Stronger and stronger grew the conviction as she robed Ellice for the night, and hushed her to rest, and then, with cold, trembling hands, set in order her ruined home. The hasty word had been said that had parted them forever; he would come no more. Presently she took up the faded flowers that lay on the table, to throw them away, when a sudden waft of fragrance from the dying blossoms smote her like a blow, and with a burst of bitter tears she held them to her lips, sobbing:

"They were like my home, blooming and sweet, and now naught but the fragrance remains, like a haunting memory, forever and forever." She put them in her bosom and went back to her lonely watch. She knew it was useless; but she sat there all the night, and only the quiet stars that have shone forever saw her tears and heard her moans. In that silent watch she thought it all out—faced the heavy truth and accepted the burden; and, as the rosy dawn crept into the paling east, there came to her sore heart blessed words: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Like rain to the desert came the healing words, and on her knees by baby Ellice in her rosy sleep she poured out her anguish and repentance in a voiceless prayer and rain of saving tears.

The village-life was soon astir, and to meet curious eyes and questioning tongues was a new trial. But her course was decided upon. She must face the truth and bear the burden as best she could. She would tell them how she had erred, and what her punishment was, and she would keep his home as it was—always smiling, always ready to give him a welcome if perchance his wandering, mayhap dying feet should ever come homeward. And so, after much blame and wonderment, they ceased to trouble her, and she was alone, to bear her cross as best she might.

Very faithfully she fulfilled her duties. John's customers at the market-town were not ill-pleased with the pale, gentle-spoken little woman who occupied his accustomed stall, and she soon grew a favorite, and found ready sale for her fresh, crisp vegetables and luscious berries.

So the slow years passed on, and one day some seafaring men, home-coming to their families after long tossing on wild seas, told of having seen John Cranshaw in the whaling-grounds, a staunch man and true, but "changed like, kinder quiet and offish in his ways, and getting gray, too, right smart." This Avis laid up in her heart, and the wandering seaman was always welcome to her door, and was always questioned eagerly yet cautiously of those "who go down to the sea in ships." Now she began to walk by the shore, always looking seaward, and to watch the weather, and stormy nights found her sad heart always waiching, waiting, for she knew not what.

Baby Ellice grew apace, a maiden passing fair, and clung to her mother with an intensity of devotion, an all-absorbing love, that comforted the weary woman, even while she feared the joy was too great for her to keep. And so it came to pass she had not borne all there was to bear, she had not drained the cup she had prepared for herself. One day a gay party went sailing merrily out on the blue waves; among them Ellice, the lightest-hearted of them all. But the storm-cloud lowered, and the sudden, fierce winds blew out of the infinite distance, and the laughing party never came back. The cruel sea hid them in its depths, and made childless the worse than widowed mother.

Poor, patient Avis bowed so silently beneath the stroke that they said among themselves: "She is struck dumb; her grief has crazed her." But she lived on—for we cannot die when we would—though the brown hair was quite silvered now, and the thin cheeks were ghastly in their pallor, but she never faltered in her duty. The evening fire ever burned brightly, and the nightly candle shone from the window as was their once dear custom, so that, should he come within sight of his home, he would know she was waiting for him, as of old.

And so twenty years rolled heavily by, and she still waited. She would say to those who questioned:

"He is not dead, for if the sea held him some token would come to me; or if the earth covered his breast it would thrill beneath my tread. He may come, and I can wait."

One chilly autumn morning a man, bent and broken in form, climbed the low wall of the village cemetery on the hill, and with fear-haunted face searched among the mossy stones. A long, long time he searched, and then from the white lips broke a fervent:

"Not here. Thank God, not here!"

All that day he lay hidden in the damp grass and ferns on the hillside. But when night fell, and the gleams of household fires shone far and clear from the village, he slowly and painfully dragged himself towards them.

Avis had just placed the candle on the sill as he stopped in the gate, while the familiar ray made his heart beat heavily and his breath come hard. Then he realized what he had feared most, and on his knees in the frosty grass prayed earnestly:

"Thank God, she is alive!"

Cautiously he made his way to the window and peered in, but shrank back aghast, muttering:

"Is that Avis?—that silver-haired saint my blue-eyed darling? How changed!—ah, me, how changed!"

Then came a thought cutting like a knife: "Was she waiting still for him, or was there some other?" He writhed in silent agony, and whispered hoarsely:

"Avis, my darling, Avis!"

Hark! She was coming to the door. He drew back into the shadow and waited. A gleam of light shot into the outer darkness, and a loved voice said eagerly, lovingly:

"John, where are you? I am here, my husband, waiting——"

A sudden figure uprising from the night, a voice in her ears: "Avis, my love, I am here!" A look, a fervent "At last, at last! O my God! I thank thee!" and two purified lives came together again to round softly to their allotted end, as after stormy weather comes at last the tranquil sunset.

A QUEEN OF GOTHAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DR. L——G.

There was nothing strictly romantic, tragic or sensational involved in the scenery or history of Gull's Island. Without the elliptical length of the gray beach rolled and rocked and rippled the blue and briny sea-tides, and within arose the slight and silvery and glittering sand-hills, flanked by groves of fadeless evergreens.

Nothing romantic! Although thousands of sirens robed in scarlet and azure had many and many a day pirouetted from out the shadowy secrecy of the unpicturesque bath-houses to tempt the embraces of the waves and of the modern Ulysses, who forgets, or has no wish or need to bind himself with things or fill his ears with wax, lest he be enticed by sorcerous songs and sorcerous smiles.

Nothing tragic! Although many a Manhattan Helen and Rosamond and Cleopatra had there flung aside masks heavy with the odor of social sanctity, that Paris and Antony and King Wicked II (second millionth) might toy with the braids of black and curls of gold, while trusting Fulvia played beside her babes, while fierce, hoodwinked Eleanor digested jealousy and scandal, and Menelaus spouted war while dreaming of bank-notes and a more congenial mate.

Nothing tragic or sensational! No! except to a peculiar genii yclept "reporters," the restless descendants from that unfortunate son of Arestor, whose hundred eyes were confiscated by Juno to adorn the tail of a peacock, but who nevertheless have multiplied and flourished, retaining and perpetuating those fabled orbits of mythology—marvelous orbits of observation, moralization, *and* imagination. Therefore there was occasionally a romance, a tragedy or a sensation of which a report and record were taken—a fair dead woman washed ashore, with the picture of a cruel, brigandish lover nugged to her bosom; or a classicly-featured man, whiskered and *distingue*, about whom was found a drenched note that, post-humously dried and deciphered, bespeke of love crossed, finances drained, and suicidal intentions; or perhaps it was the corpse of a little child swept by the undercurrent; or that of a tatterdemalion tramp, nameless and loathesome, and drowned nobody recked how or why; or a fragment of a human skeleton drifting up with the crumbling shells.

But notwithstanding the columns of flowery rhetoric and long-spun, fanciful tragedy, Gull's Island held its homely, practical identity as a breezy, common sort of refuge from the city heats and turmoils, and nothing more.

Only Philip Neville—poor, honest, sentimental Philip—could have seen anything poetic that late June afternoon except the divine gold-blue of the sky and the limitless foam-crowned swells of ocean's purple distance. Eras would have turned away in disdain could she have seen the mincing, smirking ranks of bedizened and furbelowed damsels who trailed their glistening silks across the creaking sections of the pine-board path that led from the landing to the beach, and the funny caricatures of femininity which emerged bravely from a bath-house door in a vanishing line of serge-clad forms, with occasionally a glimpse of twinkling bare feet like floating snowflakes, and angelic heads hid by ogrish caps, to dash into the sunny waves like mermaidens who had lost, somewhere in the green depths, glass and comb, and perchance some unfaithful merman adorer.

Philip Neville gazed indifferently at the long rope quivering snakelike through the creamy foam, and the dainty nymphean hands which clung to it as to the arm of a lover.

"Quite an ordinary sort of place, isn't it, Gerald?" he observed, masking a yawn with a white, large hand. "How is a luckless playwright searching for items and incidents to find anything dramatic or strikingly æsthetic *here*—or elsewhere, for that matter? Just look at the gaping, jibing ranks through which the lady-bathers pass! Darwin or a malicious caricaturist might see something suggestively interesting *there*, undoubtedly. But observe the ladies themselves! There is one with the form of a Hebe and the face of a Circe, but disfigured by mince and smirk and affectation. The one behind her has the bearing of a queen, but is spoiled by the brow of a Webster and eyes keen as those of a warrior—not attractions in women. Bah! Where is one to look for a being natural and lovely enough for an ideal or heroine?"

Gerald Spencer turned upon his friend a cheery countenance, not wholly unshadowed by pity.

"Your mood is sour and bitter to-day, Phil," he said gently.

"And why should it not be?" asked the other, with a careless toss of his hazel curls and a scornful twist of his hazel moustache. "But I have quite forgotten that you know nothing of the trial that has made me 'sour and bitter.' I did not make you wholly my confidant, Gerald, during the pleasant term of our collegiate friendship; nor did I tell you anything five years ago, when you kindly bade me 'God speed' on my European travels; neither did I hint of it in our correspondence. If I were as egotistical and reckless as some of my oblique leave proved themselves to be, I might weave a fine sensatic drama from several episodes of my life of which you are ignorant. Nothing that a successful play requires would be lacking—unique scenery, thrilling adventure, love paroxysmal, pathetic, false, deceived, and sacrificial—everything except the denouement that I await still. Shall I tell you, Gerald?"

Spencer shook a bit of shiny seaweed from the tip of his polished boot, and then smiled into the lugubrious visage of his friend.

"Certainly, Phil; but over a bottle of wine—not now, and here. Come to dinner with me. My wife will be glad to meet you."

"So you are married?" observed Philip Neville, with a surprised uplifting of his long, nut-colored lashes.

"To the best, sweetest, purest, and most innocent little beauty in the whole world," was the enthusiastic response. "I promise you a dinner that might well madden with longing a gorged epicure. Will you come?"

"Thanks; yes! But, Gerald, what causes the confusion yonder?"

The two gentlemen fixed their gaze upon the space of beach allotted to the bathers. The swimmers had ceased their blithe dalliance with their wives and sweethearts, and the guard-rope, broken or unknotted from its mooring, whipped useless in the foam, as tantalizing and evasive as was possible for a thing not sentient to be. A girl, youthful and comely, was groping blindly through the deeper waters, her fair face like snow, and her hair like a trailing banner of gold.

"Will they let her drown? What cowardice!" exclaimed Philip Neville.

And before one among the crowd had recovered from the start of surprise and consternation, he had tossed aside his heavier garments and plunged into the sea to rescue the unaided girl, who was battling bravely for her life. As he clutched her from the hungry embrace of the undertow, into which she had been drawn at last, as he bore her—chill, gasping and insensible—to the beach, a great cry of relief and gladness went up from the throng. The hero of the hour relinquished her at the door of the bath-house, and then rejoined his friend.

"I can't dine with you to-day," he said, shaking the salty drops from his shaggy curls and brown, rippling beard, as he resumed his habiliments. "I shall take the child home. She asked me, you know."

He touched his shiny beaver with an apologetic al gesture of farewell, at which his friend smiled indulgently.

"Very well, Phil. Come when you can, and beware that the Queen of Gotham does not captivate you."

"Do you know her?" queried Neville with a careless tone that belied his interested face.

"Very well by name, as Jessica Irving, and exceedingly well by reputation. Good-day, Phil."

And this was how Philip Neville met one whom he was fated to love fondly, wholly, and enthusiastically. As the weeks went by, he quite forgot the dinner he had promised to share with Gerald Spencer, and the story he had meant to tell him. It was nothing marvelous that he should so forget, for morning and evening and midnight he was drun

1877.

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TOM PLACIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

So Tom Placide is dead. Don't drop the curtain,
But lift it softly while he enters in
To greet his comrades, Walcot, Blake and Burton,
His brother Harry and his kith and kin.

He is the last of all those veteran actors
Who mirrored mirth and drove away distress,
Who, half forgotten now, were once prime factors
In this great city's sum of happiness.

A goodly band they were, whose efforts aided
To pierce the clouds of sorrow and of gloom;
What matters now if all their laurels, faded,
Are buried with them in the silent tomb?

Enough that while they lived they never wasted
Their talents in a misanthropic breath;
The bitter and the sweet of life they tasted,
And softened with a smile the sting of death.

They lived for something worthier than ambition,
They found the wheat amid the seeming chaff;
And so these players each fulfilled his mission,
And made the world the better for a laugh.

And Tom was of this stripe—whole-souled and genial—
A man who filled his part in life's great cast
With credit always, doing nothing menial;
In honor, letter-perfect to the last!

He won his triumphs and endured his losses;
He loved his art, and art had honored him;
With courage rare he bore his many crosses,
And, now he's dead, the eyes of friends grow dim.

Before you blame the sudden termination
Of that poor life from whence all joy had fled,
Recall his pain, his utter desolation,
His memories dwelling always with the dead.

What was there to withhold his hand, uplifted
Against himself, or how could he withstand
The wish to join the company who'd drifted,
Friend after friend, into the Silent Land?

Methinks that somewhere in the wide Hereafter,
Where mercy flows according to man's need,
There'll be a corner under heaven's blue rafter
For noble-hearted, luckless Tom Placide!

VANDYKE BROWN.

MY GOOD NEIGHBORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. H. CONNELLY.

An indefatigable pianiste has her lair somewhere in my vicinity. The sound of her torment—of the piano—ascendeth for ever and ever. On Sundays she plays the airs of Moody and Sankey's hymns; on week days, the music of the naughty Offenbach. At first she was a decided nuisance, but, now that I have got used to her jangling, I do not mind it. Indeed, I think it rather assists me, at times, in sinking into a state of semi-contemplation—semi-enjoyment of the balmy Spring breeze that wave the ivy sprays in my window. Sometimes, too, the strains of her music fit strangely with my train of thought or the lazy observations I may be making upon what goes on in my neighborhood. Doubtless her windows front as mine do—towards the back yards, in the centre of our block; consequently she sees before her, as I do, the scenes going on in the back-rooms of a big boarding-house which fronts on the next street below us. That must be the case, else she could scarcely fit her selections at times so visible incidents of "contemporaneous human interest" in the boarding-house just alluded to, so aptly as she does.

The rooms opposite me in that house, with windows upon a level with mine, appear to be occupied by a placid and comfy contented couple. Just about the time I first look out in the morning, to see an idea of the new phase of mendacity which the weather-bureau will offer me in my morning paper, I see the wife preparing the husband to go out. They have already breakfasted. They are early birds—regardless of Franklin's warning that the early birds will have worms. She ties his cravat anew, giving the knot that caressing little pat common to all women who tie cravats; gives him his hat, without brushing it, of course; and brings him a clean handkerchief. Then he kisses her in a prompt, business-like way, and goes out. Sometimes she gives him a kiss for to post. He seems satisfied as he glances at the address; so it is doubtless to her mother or sister. Of course, he will carry it a week before he accidentally finds it in his pocket and sticks it in a lamp-box. When he is gone she puts the room in order, disappears in the bedroom, of which I can only see the door, and on reappearing is dressed for a promenade.

Each afternoon, about five o'clock, he returns home. She is always present to receive him lovingly. They go out of the room just after I hear the clang of a well-toned bell, and return soon together, both wearing that discontented look people always have just after an encounter with a boarding-house dinner. He smokes a cigar at the window, she sitting beside him, no doubt telling him about Mrs. Smith's new dress, or Mrs. Jones' set of teeth, which do not fit her, or something of the sort. Then she lights the gas, pulls down the blinds, and I presume he goes out for a walk, as I seldom—on the few occasions when I myself remain at home—see any other shadow than hers upon her window-curtains after that time.

How often I have said to myself: "What a happy, contented, virtuous couple they are!—the husband a business man, regular in his habits, kindly and good; the wife innocent, faithful, affectionate; both fond of home, and taking the true course to keep bright the flame of domestic happiness on the conjugal hearth. Their lives are as placid as a mill-pond; they are a model couple—one to be envied."

The other morning, just after the husband had gone out to business, the wife sat down and wrote a brief note. Then, without waiting to put her room in order, she put the note in her pocket and went out, dressed for the street. In fifteen minutes she had returned.

"Ah!" I said to myself, "she has found that he carries her letters in his pockets for days, and does not trust him for that service any more."

That evening he did not sit down at the window to smoke. He put his hat on before lighting his cigar, and stood for some moments talking to her, his hand resting upon her shoulder, her head upon his breast. Then, after kissing her rather more affectionately than usual, he went out. I believe, as I come to think about it, that he always goes out in that way on Tuesday evenings.

"He has told her that he is going to the lodge," I thought; "or perhaps that late work at the store will keep him out, and she has said that she will be 'so lonely' without him, and begged him to come back as early as he can; and he has promised to do so, and said how sorry he was that he had to leave her."

As the minutes passed when he was gone, she seemed nervous and uneasy, one moment going to the door, as if listening, the next busying herself about the room or looking at herself in the mirror. Very often she consulted the clock. She lighted the gas, but did not turn it on at full head.

How I pitied her in her loneliness! I wondered if she ever uttered unjust reproaches to her husband—as the best of women sometimes will—for the hard necessities of business that tore him from her loving presence. I wondered if her thoughts, while she waited, traveled back to a time, certainly not very far in the past, when they were still lovers, when they could have kissed the honest dial of the clock for its marking of the glad hour at which they might meet, and both hated it again for its knelling of the sad moment when they must part.

Suddenly she stopped, facing the door. The distance between us was too great for me to hear her, but I knew she was saying "Come in."

He came in. Not her husband, but a younger and, I must admit, a handsomer man.

"Doubtless he is her brother," I thought, as I saw him clasp her in his arms, where she sprang eagerly, kissing her again and again fondly—"and a very affectionate brother he is too."

Then he released her. She spoke a few words, inaudible to me of course, and he replied, touching the left breast of his coat as he did so.

"She has a locket in there, I'll bet, got the note she wrote this morning, and he tells her that he did, that it rests upon his heart," I said to myself.

He spoke; she replied, looking at the clock as she did so; they laughed together heartily, and he, impetuously folding her in his arms again, kissed her passionately.

"Pull down the blind—pull down the blind," jangled that confounded piano.

They accepted the suggestion.

I could not help feeling annoyed by the pianiste's evident misconception of the situation. She had unquestionably taken the young wife's visitor for a lover, and supposed that his sudden fervor was elicited by the information that the husband would not come home before midnight. Yet I felt positive that what the wife did really say was something akin to "my poor husband has to go down to the office to work so hard, and I am so lonesome when he is away, and I am so glad that you, dear brother, have come to help me pass part of the long evening."

I do not like evil interpretations of things which I do not fully understand, and after that one suggested by the piano-playing person's choice of a tune it seemed to me that her instrument was more offensive than ever before. So I went out for a stroll.

As I went I could hear her playing the music of the song which Belle Helene sings to the picture of Venus—that sweet, self-exculpatory strain of excuse for naughtiness.

I fear that that pianiste lacks Christian charity in judging of the motives and actions of others.

Strolling aimlessly about the streets, I found myself at the door of the Hippodrome, where Barnum's big show was nightly attracting thousands, and the good idea occurred to me of going in to see those six magnificent black Pomeranian stallions. They are, independent of their superb training, so charming, simply by reason of their extraordinary perfection of form and grace of movement, that I could be content to look at them, and them alone, for hours together. Surely, nothing so worthy of unqualified admiration has been included among the features of any circus, before this, within several years past.

But to return from my digressions. While I sat near the ring, waiting patiently for the splendid charge of the stallions into the sawdust-arena, I looked about me at the audience.

To my astonishment—the husband was there, the husband whom I supposed to be at work in the store or at his lodge. Beside him was a dashing-looking young woman, with blonde hair plied high up, and surrounded by a very fancy hat. She was richly dressed, rather bold in facial expression, but manifestly of a sympathetic nature; for I noticed that when Hamilton—who sat near me—looked at her and wiped his lips with his handkerchief, she also wiped her lips in a similar manner, the husband at the moment happening to be looking in an opposite direction.

I will confess that at first I was shocked, and almost upon the verge of harboring some suspicions of the propriety of that husband's conduct and associations.

But in a moment my better nature asserted itself.

"She is perhaps his sister, and not upon good terms with his wife, so that the two women do not choose to go out together, and he is but doing a kind brother's duty; or possibly he is employed in a wholesale millinery store, and this girl is a buyer from the country, to whom his attentions are purely in the way of business." That is what I said to myself.

When the performance was over, he and she entered a coupe together at the Madison-avenue entrance, and were carried rapidly away.

That was about half-past ten o'clock.

A little after one o'clock I got home and seated myself at my window, in the dark, to smoke a cigarette before retiring. The windows opposite me were dark, and the blinds pulled up—as they had been when the husband went away at seven o'clock—no doubt to admit the moonlight.

I had been smoking at least half an hour, when I saw the gas in the room of my vis-a-vis blaze up brightly.

The husband stood beneath it, with his hat on and a match in his hand. He had evidently just come in.

Turning towards the bedroom door, he seemed to listen a moment, then looked towards the clock, and I fancied that in the stillness of the night I could hear him say "nearly eleven." After that he put his hand to his forehead, as if locating a pain induced by hard work over the books at his office.

Perhaps he was telling her that the music of the circus-band gave him a headache; but I hardly think he was.

He partially undressed in the outer room, and I noticed that he cautiously slipped a small card or piece of paper from a vest-pocket and dropped it into one of his boots—no doubt some valuable memorandum connected with business, which he wished to hide where it would not be likely to be found by burglars, should any break in during the night.

The next morning husband and wife were as affectionate as usual. She tied his cravat, gave it the customary little pat, and he kissed her when going out, just in the ordinary fashion.

I wonder if she mentioned to him that her brother called, or if he told her about the country buyer.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XVIII.

NOTES BY PROFESSIONALS.

"THE LADY OF LYONS" IN LONDON, ENG.

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE, N. Y., July 17, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* You invite corrections of theatrical data in relation to some of its original representatives. My knowledge of things dramatic in England may be of some use to you.

I was present at the first performance of "The Lady of Lyons" in 1838, the cast of which appears in the current number of your paper. The Mr. and Mrs. East inquired about were in the chorus, and played utility parts. The same may be said of Bannister and F. Clarke. Roberts, who acted one of the officers, was a stage-struck young gentleman introduced by a common friend to Macready, who was to have put him forward. Two or three such parts as that of this officer were enough for him. He left in disgust, and returned to the wine-trade. He was not the husband of Rebecca Isaacs. [This lady's husband died a short time before herself, we now remember. But who was the Roberts that, having acted at Covent-garden, became manager of the Strand Theatre about 1844?—ED. CLIPPER.] John L. Pritchard, Waidron, and two or three others in the cast were popular in the provinces as leading men. They rallied round Macready, when he assumed management, under promise of promotion before a London audience. They never got a chance. John Langford Pritchard [Was he related either to James Pritchard, English tragedian and comedian, who visited this country about 1810 and died about 1824, or to John Pritchard the tragedian, who died in 1868?—ED.] was manager of the York circuit for many years. He was a fine-looking man, had the defect of strabismus. Waldron and my old associate Conway [the late Frederick B.—ED.] both left Covent-garden in disgust. "Mlle. Fredérica Fatty-Ma-Fenton!" was an actor named Fenton, long connected with both Covent-garden and Drury-lane. He was a son living who had celebrated as a scenic artist. The W. H. Payne and the Mr. Collett, both of the bill, are still in harness. Mrs. Griffith was a very pretty woman, who has been dead some years. Miss Garrick married and left the stage. Her mother, who was at Drury-lane when I was there in 1850, used to delight in claiming relationship to the great David Garrick. She was a charming old lady and a good actress. She died at Sunderland Oct. 27, 1859, aged 76. William J. Hammond made his first appearance in London at Covent-garden on Oct. 3, 1837. He was very popular in Yorkshire. I was under his management at Sheffield in the early part of 1837. He opened the Strand Theatre in 1838, and made a hit in a burlesque on "Othello," having previously acted the part at Liverpool. Downing, the Superintendent-of-police of that city, was the author of the burlesque—ED.] William Mitchell, since well known here, was the Iago. He disappeared suddenly after the first or second night, and sailed for New York. His part was assumed at short notice by Harry Hall, afterwards stage-manager for Laura Keene in this city, and who died in St. Louis on July 4, 1858. Hammond came to New York in 1848, and commenced an engagement at Niblo's Garden [Astor-place Opera-house, Aug. 7.—ED.] as "Tony Lumpkin in "She Stoops to Conquer." The hot weather soon overcame him, he took iced drinks, and died Aug. 23, 1848, being buried in Greenwood. John Wilson died in Quebec—not Montreal. There is a monument to his memory in a churchyard near the citadel of that romantic city. [Ireland's "Records" says he died in Montreal, as also does *The London Era.* Elsewhere Mr. Davidge's statement as to Quebec is confirmed by a resident of Canada.—ED.] Mr. Serle was a charming gentleman, and a man of letters. He wrote "The Shadow on the Wall." As an actor he was very sententious. [Was it not he who was the original Paul Clifford at the Victoria Theatre in 1832, and who was a favorite at that house?—ED.] His wife was a sister of Clara Novello the vocalist. He was acting-manager for Macready at Covent-garden.

Believe me, yours truly, WILLIAM DAVIDGE.

WINDSOR, ONT., July 19, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In an article in the last CLIPPER information is asked, which I think I can furnish, touching Macready's playbill of Feb. 15, 1838. You say "Miss Fairbrother's identity has escaped us through her marriage." If you passed Cambridge House, Piccadilly, I imagine you would not be far from the morganatic consort of his Royal Highness of that ilk. A son of hers, Lieut. Fitz George of the Guards, was on the staff of the commanding-general, and, very long ago, as "Master Fenton Fenton!" was a Master Fenton of Drury-lane fifty years ago—a very clever boy. John Wilson died and was buried in Quebec (not Montreal), where a handsome monument is erected to his memory.

Yours very faithfully, J. S. LEE.

THE ORIGINAL INGOMAR IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK, July 19, 1877.

DEAR CLIPPER: The play of "Ingomar" was produced originally in this country at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday, Nov. 10, 1851. The cast, as near as I can remember, was:

Timarch	Barton Hill	Alastor	Mason
Ingomar	W. McFarland	Trinobantes	W. H. Rivers
Polydor	Chas. Hill	Lykon	Lomas
Myron	W. M. Ward	Parthenia	Mrs. Warner
Ambivar	W. H. Briggs	Actea	Mrs. John Gilbert

We rehearsed the piece from MSS. sent from England to Mrs. Warner. When the last rehearsal took place, the morning of the night we played it, the books of the play arrived, and it was produced a week after at the Broadway and Bowery Theatres in all three cities, with Conway and Eddy as the Ingomar. The cause of Mr. McFarland playing Ingomar was that Mr. James H. Taylor, who was engaged at the Chestnut, had some misunderstanding with the management, and left, and Mr. McFarland was "borrowed" from the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, then under the management of Thaddeus Barton (my father being his stage and business manager), to whom I bore the letter asking for McFarland when I went from Philadelphia to Baltimore to play for my father's benefit, on Nov. 3, 1851. Yours truly,

W. M. WARD.

[The cast we have differs from the foregoing in not having Messrs. Stearns, Barton Hill and McFarland in it, and we endeavor in vain to reconcile the differences between the two casts by an article in Forshey's "Philadelphia Stage," which gives the cast as follows:

Ingomar	J. H. Taylor	Myron	W. M. Ward
Polydor	Charles Hill	Lykon	Schaaf
The Timarch	Lomas	Trinobantes	Davenport
Neocles	Briggs	Alastor	Mason
Parthenia	Mrs. Warner	Ambivar	Bradley
Actea	Mrs. John Gilbert	Theano	Miss Davidge

The same authority states that Mrs. Warner began her engagement on Nov. 10 as Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII," and that on the following night she played Lady Macbeth to the Macduff of McFarland. On Nov. 19, "for the first time in America," "Ingomar" was produced with the cast printed above. We infer that it was repeated on the 20th, for as to Nov. 21 Durang says that "'Ingomar' was played for the third time in America." This would imply that Mr. Ward is in error as to the date of its first production, as he certainly is as to its having been produced at the Broadway and the Bowery Theatre "one week after" Nov. 10, 1851. It was not played in this city until December. The last error is immaterial, however, because it is in our power to correct it at once. We incline to think that, as to main fact, Mr. Ward is correct, and that on Nov. 19 W. H. McFarland was the Ingomar. But, at the same time, it would seem that J. H. Taylor had been cast for the part, and that bills with his name opposite to that of Ingomar had been printed. It is something, however, for us to have shattered the popular idea that F. B. Conway or J. R. Anderson was the original Ingomar in this country. As to F. B. Conway's (or Edward Eddy's) predecessor, it is still a matter of doubt, with the presumption in favor of the personal knowledge of Mr. Ward, upon whom, as upon Messrs. John Gilbert, Barton Hill, and Mr. McFarland, we three weeks ago called for light. As remarked at that time, anyone in Philadelphia who will take the trouble to look at a daily paper of that city, date of Nov. 20, 1851, can ascertain if Mr. McFarland, instead of J. H. Taylor, was the bearded barbarian the night before at the Chestnut-street Theatre. We assume that Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1851, was the date of the original performance, since we have no earlier one save that communicated by Mr. Ward, who in his subsequent reference to the Broadway and Bowery Theatres is not in accord with this earlier date. Let us hear from some Philadelphian with a kidney for research.—ED. CLIPPER.]

W. A. CONWAY'S LONDON DEBUT.

[The attention of Mr. Joseph N. Ireland is respectfully called to the subjoined communication. The case is, besides, not unworthy of investigation on the part of some of our London readers. It by no means follows, because Conway was billed to play the Prince of Wales in "Henry IV," that that was his first appearance in London. In fact, we have a MS. memoir of him which, without naming the character in which he first appeared in that city, states that when he supported Miss O'Neill at Covent-garden it was his *third* engagement in London. Mr. Ireland's record of his London debut as occurring on Oct. 4, 1814, in the role of Alexander the Great, is manifestly amiss by several days, if not by a year or years.—ED. CLIPPER.]

BOSTON, July 25, 1877.

DEAR SIR: Will you allow me to correct an error which appeared in your remarks attached to Miss O'Neill's bill, in this week's CLIPPER, in regard to Conway's first appearance in London, at the Covent-garden Theatre? On Saturday evening, Sept. 17, 1814, he played the Prince of Wales in "Henry IV" to Fawcett's Falstaff and Young's Hotspur. His next appearance—on Monday evening, Sept. 26, 1814—was as Alexander the Great. On Monday evening, Oct. 3, 1814, he played Rolla in "Pizarro," and on Tuesday evening, Oct. 4, there was no performance. Why I say there was no performance on the evening in question is this: The first week of the season, performances were given every evening during the week; the second and third, Monday, Wednesday and Friday; and on the fourth, commencing Monday, Oct. 3, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were the nights on which performances were given. Yours very truly, G. P. FISHER.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE DEMON OF JEALOUSY.

Our versatile wood-cut-ter, in the present dearth of attractions, favors us with a scene from the tragedy of "Othello," wherein the Moor of Venice, in a paroxysm of rage at the fancied faithlessness of Mrs. Othello, coolly accomplishes the death of that innocent lady.

OTHELLO !—(Last Scene.)

Our artist depicts the scene in glowing colors where the jealous Moor, goaded to frenzy by the taunts and jeers of that deep-dyed villain Iago, finds Desdemona in bed, where she has been sleeping the sweet sleep of the innocent. With fire in his eyes and fury in every gesture, he arouses her from her slumbers and informs her that she has but a few minutes to live, and advises her to say her prayers, which she does. The Moor then gathers up the family bolster, and with it smothers the light and life out of the guileless young wife. The tableau we present shows the manner of the deep damnation of her taking-off. Having accomplished the murder, Othello learns, when too late, of the perfidy of his friend Iago, and of the innocence of his gentle and loving wife, and dies upon the sword of his fathers. *(Curtain.)*

SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.

We append a reminiscence of a performance at the Federal-street Theatre, Boston, Mass., in 1800. Of those named, Mr. Whitlock returned to England and died there; Snelling Powell died in Boston, Mass., April 8, 1821; J. Simpson died about 1802; Luke Usher was subsequently long and favorably known in the West as the lessee of a theatre in Louisville, Ky., at Lexington, and elsewhere, in 1808—we have no record of his death. As there were three Misses Westray in the company, we will not undertake to decide which one played Edward. Mrs. Giles L. Barrett, who was the mother of George H. Barrett, popularly known as "Gentleman" George, died in Boston, Mass., in 1832; Mrs. J. Simpson died in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1832; Mrs. Whitlock was a sister of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons—she returned to England, and died there in 1835; Mr. Villiers died about 1803. The bill is contributed by Louis Brown of Boston, Mass.

FEDERAL-STREET THEATRE.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. BARRETT.

ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1800, will be presented a favorite comedy called

EVERYONE HAS HIS FAULT.

written by Mrs. Inchbald, authoress of "Wives as They Were," "Such Things Are," etc.

Lord Nortland	Mr. Whitlock	Porter	Mr. Lathy
Sir Robert Ramble	Mr. Usher	Footman	Mr. Kedey
		Mr. Powell	Miss Stray
Mr. Solus	Mr. Simpson	Miss Woodbura (for this night only)	Mrs. Barrett
Mr. Harmony	Mr. Bates		
Mr. Placid	Mr. Usher	Mrs. Placid	Mrs. Harper
Edward	Miss Westray	Mrs. Spinster	Mrs. Simpson
Hammond	Mr. Kenny	Lady Eleanor	Mrs. Whitlock

End of the play, AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, written by Anthony Pasquin, Esq., to be delivered by Mrs. Barrett.

To which will be added the comic opera of

NO SONG, NO SUPPER, OR THE LAWYER IN A SACK.

Robin	Mr. Bates	Dorothy (for this night only)	
Frederick	Mr. Usher		Mrs. Barrett
Crop	Mr. Lathy	Louisa	Miss Harper
Thomas	Mr. Kenny	Nelly	Mrs. Simpson
William	Mr. Kedey	Margaretta	Mrs. Graupner
Endless	Mr. Villiers		

SEPTEMBER 18, 1809.

"MACBETH" AND "THE QUAKER."—With these pieces Messrs. Harris & John Philip Kemble, the managers, opened the new Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, to the public at an increased rate of admission, the boxes being seven shillings, and the admission to the pit four shillings. The short time that elapsed since the former theatre was a heap of burning ruins, made the present edifice appear to partake more of magic than of art.

Before two o'clock in the afternoon, the house was besieged, and at five the doors were (through necessity) thrown open. Some boxes were occupied by those who had previously taken them, but quite a number were "taken by storm." The theatre was densely crowded by six o'clock. The first female who entered the house was vociferously cheered. Not more than forty ladies were present during the evening.

The orchestra struck up "God Save the King," which was repeated several times, with cries of "Song, song." The song was sung, but nothing heard of it with the exception of the drum accompaniment. Vast applause, with waving of hats, succeeded. "Rule Britannia" was next played. The curtain was then raised, and Mr. Kemble, dressed for Macbeth, came forward to deliver an address. A very few applauded, but vast numbers commenced to groan and hoot at him. In vain he endeavored to speak. A paper was handed up to him from the pit, which he would, no doubt, have read; but, finding it useless, he retired, and the play commenced. The tumult was kept up, however, and, when Mr. Kemble reappeared, the shouting, hissing, hooting, etc., that greeted him, was never before heard in any theatre. The same compliments were paid to Chas. Kemble as Macduff and Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth. When Mr. John Kemble attempted to speak, the entire audience in the pit arose, and, standing with their backs to the stage, began to cry out: "Old Prices," "Old Prices," "No Robbery," "No seven-shilling prices," etc. This infernal din of horrid discords lasted throughout "Macbeth," of which not one word could be distinctly heard. Mr. Brunton came forward at the end of the play to announce the performance for the following night, but not a word could be heard. The farce of "The Quaker" shared the fate of "Macbeth," and passed off as a pantomime. The amusements on the stage were over at 11 o'clock, but those in front of the curtain continued until 1 A. M. The cry of "Managers," "Old Prices," and violent kicking against the orchestra, brought Messrs. Read and Raymond, the managers, upon the stage, who attempted in vain to address the mob—it would be folly to say audience. It rested with the magistrates to either read or sing the riot act. They could not be heard, as they were continually interrupted by cries of "Off, off," "No magistrates," "Send the managers," "John Kemble, come forth like a man." The galleries, too, commenced to complain, and roared out, that "they would not be confined in pigeon-holes." At length, having lashed themselves into a little madness, someone cried out "Douse the glims"—that is, in less choice English, "to put out the lights." This was followed by the breaking of some seats in the upper boxes, when four of the leaders were secured by the Bow-street officers. The magistrates now left the stage, amidst groans and hisses, and the cries of "Let them pay their prices on board. That will satisfy us. We don't want to see the swindlers!" No board appearing, and the managers having, through the magistrates, signified that they declined coming forward, the rioters, after singing "God Save the King," retired, covered with all the glory of conquest.

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"I am a British subject, and as such, if the proprietors and managers of this theatre had come forward with a fair statement and proved their necessities to be such as to entitle them to an increase of prices, I should cheerfully comply, and I know a free British audience would. But it is for us to regret that this has not been done, if it was in their power to do it. By your conduct this night you have proved to them that you can meet monopoly as it really merits. Persevere, and you will accomplish your purpose. If I though that the raising of the prices would increase the salaries of the performers, the measure would not meet with opposition on my part. But I well know, and you must have the same knowledge, that it only is intended to enrich four or five persons, who have already become nabobs by the public favor. One of the managers, Mr. John Kemble, and his relatives receive a greater salary than one-half of the other performers. There is another thing that I would call your attention to, which is that tier of boxes (*pointing to them*). If you do not persevere, and show those imposters that public amusements will be directed by the sense of a free people, you will have no more than Opera-house. And even should we consent to pay our seven shillings, we shall be excluded from the boxes, and forced to go into the pit, with a "cocked-hat" and "silk stockings." I have not a doubt that, if you continue the rational and peaceable mode you have this night adopted, you will conquer Don John Kemble and his emissaries the police officers."

These sentiments were received with loud plaudits by those who heard, as well as those (fifteen out of twenty), who did not hear them. Other skirmishes occurred, and a few young bloods were taken to the watch-house, yelling "Old prices!" The damage done to the theatre last night was considerable. On this night, none. At twelve o'clock thus ended now the second.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GREAT O. P. RIOTS AT THE COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON, IN 1809.

COMPILED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER FROM DOCUMENTS, NEWSPAPER REPORTS AND PROGRAMMES NOW IN POSSESSION OF MR. GEO. W. THOMPSON.

The Covent-garden Theatre, London, was opened by Richard Dervoy in 1732. On Sept. 20, 1808, it was burned down, twenty persons losing their lives. It was rebuilt and was opened on Sept. 18, 1809, with a new scale of prices. The populace demanded a return to the old prices. It was not until the middle of the following December that the rioting ceased. It is the purpose of this series of papers to delineate its progress.—ED. CLIPPER.]

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TO BE CONTINUED.

"WRAP THE MANTLE OF THY LOVE ABOUT ME."

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND HARRY BENNETT.

BY ROBERT MCKAY.

Wrap the mantle of thy love about me,
Clasp me close unto thy gentle breast;
What were all the world to me without thee?
When thou'rt with me am I truly blest.
Lead me wheresoe'er thou wilt, I'll follow—
Even unto earth's extremest verge;
All things else are empty, vain and hollow—
In thee only doth all virtue merge.

Chorus.—Wrap the mantle of thy love about me,
Clasp me close unto thy gentle breast;
What were all the world to me without thee?
When thou'rt with me am I truly blest.

Wrap the mantle of thy love about me,
Be the staff whereon my soul may lean;
Oh, never,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., to be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 30.

LADIES' LIST

Alvis, Burtie
Allen, Georgia (vocalist) (2)
Antonio, Annie (of Antonio's Co.)
Arlington, Ella
Burdeau, Mrs. Hattie A.
Brooks, Mrs. Hattie A.
Caselli, Fannie
Crabtree, Lotta
Constantine, Mrs. Eveline
Clifford, Ada (of Dallas, Tex.)
Campbell, Annie
Carlysle, Ida
Casino, Madam
Donaldson, Mrs. Virginia
Devere, Ida
Dillon, Mrs. John
De Luisi, Mrs. Louise
Darling, Bessie
Durell, Barrie
De Vere, Emma
Elberta, Kittie B.
Ferrara, Miss M.
Fontain, Blanche
Fontainbleau, Blanche
Gaffney, Mrs. Andy
Grace, Millie.
Goss, Mrs. Jos.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arms, Reynolds, H. (of Met. Olym. Co.)
Arlington, J. V. (2)
Armstrong, Harry
Arnold, W. H.
Allen, W. (Jerry Blossom)
Aiken, F. E. (2)
Barnum, Geo. W.
Bonin, Fred
Boisvert, A.
Burdeau, Mr. (p. o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Byrnes, R. M. (dentist)
Burke, J. M. ("big" manager)
Brennan, T.
Ben, George
Burton, W. C. (stage-manager)
Bennett, F. - (of Pastor's Co.)
Baker, Joseph
Bush, I. T. (2)
Brown, Gus
Brown, Comical
Bagley, Geo. (2)
Brent, W. H.
Barr, Geo. (music'an)
Bryant, Neil
Burke, A. B.
Bowles, Frank
Burgess, Cool
Biandowski, Mons.
Claton, Wm. (care H. A. Forbes)
Carling, Jas. W.
Cawthorne, H. S.
Campell, Prof.
Callender, Chas.
Casey, W. (of Williams & Casey)
Clayton, W. (2)
Corvella, Bob
Coon, C. S.
Couturier, C. (of Howe's Co.)
Crane, W. H. (scenic artist)
Collins, Jr., John
Carlisle & Caverly
Chalmers, Prof. (with Lon. Cir.)
Crane, Chuck
Carr, Jim
Conklin, P. (of Robbins' Cir.)
Clark, Lew (of Clark Bros.)
Constantine, Harry
Caselli, T. S.
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Cordella, Chas
Cromwell, M. (of Cromwell Co.)
Collins, Jas. (of Collins & Wren)
Collins, Frank
Clayton, Jack
Campbell, Bartley
Cunningham, Frank
Cobb, Willis
Davis, C. Hamilton
Davis, Hervey L.
Demott, J. (of Hamlt. &Sar. Cir.)
Du Forrest & Birdue
Du Crow, Wm.
De Leon, Leon (2)
Dode, Walter (2)
Dan'l Druce Combin., Mang
Drew, John E.
"E. R." (3)
"E. G." (2)
Eunice, W. (panto mimist)
Edgley, Lanty
Eagan, R. (of Howe's Cir.)
Earle, Edmund
Elsin, Max (of Dallas, Texas)
Fowler, W. W.
Fox, Eddie (leader)
Flagg, N.
Goraux, Emile
Guilek, Jas. T.
Gotthold, E. M.
Grover, S. H.
Green, A. D.
Green, James
Guy Family
Gildersell, A.
Graham, T. Z.
Gardner, Chas.
Gibbs, Clark
Gale, Walter
George, Frank (Irish comed.)
Gould, W. C. (of Barnum's Co.)
Garnett, J. P.
Gilroy, Peter
Henderson, W. (manager)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for La Verde Sisters, H. D. Warner, and Geo. Baldwin of Queen's Circus.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 30, '77.

We have had a week of tragedy, with blood, and thunder, and other realistic effects sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts, and we are just beginning to see our way out of the horrors which at one time threatened to lay waste our cities and to paralyze the industries of the nation. For several days it was a question whether [illegible] should rule or the strong arm of the law continue to maintain its authority; for a brief time the lawless spirits who wormed themselves in among the strikers and took the reins in their own hands had things just as they wanted them; they robbed and murdered and destroyed property without hindrance; they jeered at the military and dared the civil authorities to do their worst; it was a three-days festival of blood, and then the people arose in their might, and thunderous in the ears of the maddened throng that their lawless reign had gone far enough, that their real designs had been penetrated, and that there must be a halt at once! And there was a halt! Brought face to face with the determination of citizens, the mob hesitated, faltered, drew back, and communism was at an end. It was not the strikers, not the railroad employees, who perpetrated the crimes connected with the uprising—it was an element who took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the strike, and went in for plunder—for it was the spirit of communism that glided, snake-like, in among the strikers, and committed those crimes against humanity, against society, against liberty, which for a time placed the country at the mercy of a mob of imported brigands. The strikers did not perpetrate the outrages—they only fore to labor until much of the worst of the latter had been committed. When their presence among them *did* become known, the strikers did what they could to root out the robber and the assassin of the commune persuasion, and to prevent the further effusion of blood and destruction of property. Had the military realized that this was no excursion, but war, and had they acted as they would have done in battle, there would not have been many of the bloody communists left to propagate their infernal doctrines in a land of freedom, among a people who extend a helping hand to the oppressed everywhere. Let us hope that we have seen the last of these outbreaks—the rights of the workingman may be saved without them. Already the disastrous effects of the late uprising are being felt in the scarcity of provisions, in the increased cost of everything; and sooner or later in those counties where mobs destroyed property, and for which damages must be paid by said counties, high rents will be added to the list, one of the results of additional taxes made necessary by the work of an infuriated mob! And all this, too, at a time when business of every kind languishes, and when capitalists stand idle; when one-third of the working population are without the means of support, and our charities are down to their bottom dollar, with as much suffering among us as there was in the midst of Winter. Truly may we ask "What shall the harvest be?" We are already reaping the harvest of the outbreak in intensified suffering, in hopes blasted, in misery and death! Everything has been more or less affected. Cattle were left to starve in their pens, fruit rotted in crates, breadstuffs were held in a vise, and all perishable goods became a dead loss! This is bad enough. But what can atone for the loss of life connected with this uncivil war? What comfort can be offered the widow, the orphan, the parent, for the loss of those whose presence was precious in their sight, and whose death has left a void in their midst which can never be filled?.....What will be the effect upon amusements? So far as professionals are concerned, the "disturbances" not have happened at a more opportune time, for this is the actor's "mooning," his vacation; so that he is not directly interfered with at this precise juncture, although he must feel it in increased expenses of domestic affairs. Had the strike occurred in the midst of the season, the distress among professionals would have been a very great, for they have scarcely recovered from the terrible consequences of the Brooklyn fire, a calamity which inflicted a disastrous blow upon amusements everywhere, and made bankrupt many a manager. By the time the season of 1877 opens the strikes will have all ended, business will be again carried on through its regular channels, and trade will, probably, assume a more healthy tone than that which has marked it during the past three or four years. The theatrical campaign proper will open in September, a little more than a month from now. Let us hope that it may be a profitable one for our Thespian friends.....Excursions by land and by sea were somewhat nipped in the bud by the unholy operations of the outbreak, timid people being afraid to trust themselves in any other conveyance than a Canastoga wagon or a scow, so that those enterprising gentlemen who hoped to pull off a thousand or two through moonlight excursions and clam bakes, got down on their knees and offered up their thanks because their losses were not greater. Watering places received a knock-down blow from which it will take them some time to recover; in fact, the backbone of the Summer has sustained a compound fracture which will end in disaster and ruin. Everything was swallowed up by the ravenous appetite of the mob—even "the dollar of our fathers" was lost sight of for the time, and a five-cent nickel filled us with joy. Managers were truly glad that it was their "off season," when houses were closed, salaries at an end, and the curtain down!.....And since the embargo was laid on freight trains, clothing, like everything else, is a little off color, else why should one of our Broadway tailors advertise that "custom pants!" The dog pants, too, just now, and the rioter who wasn't hurt pants for revenge! This is a frightful state of affairs. When shall we have an end? As Gessler said to his followers: *"Time Will Tell!"* So William was *timed!*.....Again has Jimmy come to grief. He had just returned from Albany, where he had gone to "pacify" the mob, and his war-cry on his return was "Once more to the breach!" He therefore went to the stable [Oh, yes, we own one, with forty horses in the stable.—ED.] to offer his services as mediator between a big blue-tailed fly and an educated mule. Unfortunately, James entered just as the mule commenced to strike, and the full force of the animal's rear paw caught the lad a cruel blow on his diaphragm. James now says he didn't think the Albany rioters had a cannon, or he would not have gone up there. He will never acknowledge that a mule struck him. Lines:

Oh, when he went the stable in
To start the blue-tailed fly,
The mule drew off his near hind-foot
And caught Jeems in the eye;
Was then the boy, with noble pride,
Tried to douse his glim,
But the mule got in another one,
Which ended "Our Jim."

.....Because of the unsafe condition of our streets, by reason of the riots, organ-grinders have taken a higher stand—on the Catskills.....Owing to extra demand for the services of the police, the usual raids upon variety shows were omitted last week. And that's why the habitues about "Hall, Columbia!".....Plans for a big musichall are being drawn in Boston. Is there no law against lotteries in that fearful city?.....Owing to the detention of cattle-trains on their way East, hungry people have had to feed on fish. Here we might casually mention that fish in large quantities may be had at the Aquarium by dropping a line to the proprietor. Keep mum!..... The manager of Daly's Theatre boldly advertises "Ah Sin"-ful play as the attraction this week. It is well seen that most of our churches have gone on their annual Summer excursions.....No, James; the farce of "Barney the Baron" has nothing to do with the man who had nothing to wear, and you should not call it "Barney the *Bare'un*,".....They say that George Rignold desires to play "Richard III" next season, with Six Richmonds in the field." Well, we've no objection—let him go ahead. But what if the six fall upon him at once? *Murder!*.....Figures don't lie, for which we should be very grateful. In fourteen years, mark you, one hundred and twenty-five million nine hundred and forty-five thousand and seventy-two persons visited our Central Park! Since we first noticed this we have got all our ciphering books, and algebras, and copy-books, and ready-reckoners together, and, with that grand array of figures before us, we have been trying to make the fortunes of all our managers out of that immense congregation at fifty cents a head—or we are willing to put it down to twenty-five, rather than be taunted with cutting down wages, or charging exorbitant prices! We have tackled it with the double rule of six, the singular rule of one, the compound multiplication and absurd fractures, but we fail to get at the exact sum each manager would be entitled to if nobody disputed the will after it had been admitted to probate. Next we tried it on the strikers—we stood up twenty-five thousand of them, and divided the total product, share and share alike. The more we look at this thing, the more satisfied are we that these figures cannot lie. It's *immense!*.....It won't do to say that the show-people are responsible for this latest calamity. O no! They had no hand in *that* spectacle. Let us be just.....Now, how do you suppose circuses were enabled to make stands, when nearly every road was in possession of the strikers? How, indeed! And expenses running on just the same as though there had *been* no riots, and the channels of trade were not in the hands of men entirely great! We should hesitate to sign a contract giving a dollar and a quarter for all the profits of the prevailing shows pending "the late unpleasantness."..... Jim says it was some fussy old devil of a boarding-house keeper who pointed him out to the mob in Buffalo last week. He says that when he left her house two years ago he owed her a thirty three dollars and a quarter for two weeks' board. He says the dog-law ought to be put in force against all such heathenish old catamarans! His left eye has since been found and put in its proper place!.....When this Cruel War is Over" is coming to the front again; and, owing to the dearth of provisions engendered by the conflict, we may even expect to see the resurrection of "Who will Care for Mother Now?"—a conundrum which has never been satisfactorily answered.....Among the many new plays in preparation for next season, *one*, at least, will be an adaptation from the French! This *will* be a novelty..... The strike has made a hole in the peanut-crop, but reinforcements will be brought up before the door season commences. There need be no alarm..... The party "who would not live alway" has gone to meet his angel-sister via Pittsburg.....Tony Pastor has made a *big* settle in California. The boys nearly went wild over the genial Tony and his troupe of lambs. It was a happy time! To make such a strike in the extreme West while such an unprofitable strike was going on in the East. Verily, Tony took time by the topknot this Summer.....We hear that "Buckingham is takin'" well at the Bowery Theatre this week. Has any paper said: "So much for Buckingham," yet?

CITY SUMMARY.

"THE POOR OF NEW YORK" was revived at Niblo's Garden July 23. Although this drama has of late years been called "The Streets of New York," the title under which it was originally acted at Wallack's Theatre Dec. 21, 1857, was again restored to it. It was creditably mounted, the view of Union-square as it was twenty years ago and the fire in Baxter street being quite effectively presented. During the latter scene a hose-carriage and a steam fire-engine, both drawn by a number of young men, were seen upon the stage, and the frequent sounding of the whistle and the escape of steam added to the realistic effect. J. T. Craven as Bob the Bootblack in the Union-square scene did some clever jig-dancing. The piece was evenly acted, but a review in detail of the various impersonations is not needed. As a matter of justice to Samuel Piercy, who made his first appearance in this theatre in the character of Badger, it should be stated that on July 23 he received a telegraphic dispatch from his mother in San Francisco, Cal., announcing the death of a dearly beloved brother. Notwithstanding that poignant grief was gnawing at his heart, his professional duties required him to appear before spectators as the volatile and reckless Badger. As a matter of record we append the cast: Gideon Bloodgood, J. P. Winter; Tom Badger, S. Piercy; Captain Fairweather, M. Ward; Mark Livingstone, Edgin Price; Paul Fairweather, W. H. Fuller; Brennan; Bob the Bootblack, J. T. Craven; Scotty, Master Fred; Edward, Daily; Policeman, George Johnson; Alida Bloodgood, Miss Gussie De Forrest; Mrs. Fairweather, Mme. Ivan C. Michels; Lucy Fairweather, Miss Agnes Pryor; Mary, Miss Georgie Dickson. Attendance quite liberal for the heated term.

JOHN DEBONAY and a company began a season in Tony Pastor's Theatre July 23, acting a burlesque of "Romeo and Juliet." The attendance was only fair, and on Thursday night, owing to internal dissensions among the company, the audience was dismissed shortly after eight o'clock and the theatre was closed. John Debonay acted Juliet, Miss Nellie Young Romeo, and the supporting company included the Misses Imogene Schofield, Marie Johnson, Julia Parker, Adelaide Strickland, May Wallace, Tillie Richardson, Ella Strickland, Emma Price, Ella St. Clair, Millie Francis, Irene Orsman, Mrs. J. K. Mortimer, Messrs. John Hall, William Scallan, Frank Crane, J. L. Mason, John Hammond, and Mr. William Crowley. The theatre was reopened Saturday; but the attendance being meagre, it was decided not to reopen it again at present.

LISA WEBER, who recently sailed for England, is to return about the middle of September next.

MISS ADAH RICHMOND and the other members of the Howard Athenæum Company and Miss Annie Mortimer, late of Joseph Murphy's "Kerry Gow" Company, arrived here Friday last from Chicago, Ill., the city they left July 23. They report that the "strikers" treated them with more consideration than the officials of the railroad companies did.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS are to arrive in town during the present week from Boston, Mass., where they have been passing a portion of their vacation. They are now completing their engagements for the Bull Ring and the Lersundi Theatre, Havana, Cuba, for the coming season. Their business envelopes are ornamented with a view of the interior of the former, and of the exterior of the latter place of amusement.

J. C. DUFF, manager of the Broadway Theatre, returned from Europe in the steamship Algeria July 25.

"DON JO," a dramatization in five acts of "Bleak House," by B. E. Woolf, which had been constructed to fit the artistic abilities of the company at the Boston (Mass.) Museum, where it was originally produced during the past season, was acted for the first time in this city at the Union-square Theatre July 23, with the following cast:

Jo	Miss Mary Cary
Inspector Bucket	F. Mordaunt
Tulkinghorn	J. Taylor
Sir Leicester Dedlock	Miss Lizzie Hunt
Mr. Guppy	G. Devere
Mercury	H. A. Davies
Rosa	Miss Rosa Wilson
Maid	Miss Jenny Elberta

Miss Cary, who was the original Jo of this version, achieved so marked a success in the portrayal of the character in Boston that she purchased of the author the right of performing the play throughout the country, and during the coming season she will travel with it, supported by her own combination. Jo is by no means the most prominent character of the play, being seen only at intervals and briefly, and is overshadowed by Lady Dedlock, Hortense and Inspector Bucket, very strongly drawn characters, who monopolize, to a great extent, the interest of the piece. Had the dramatization been prepared expressly for Miss Cary, undoubtedly Jo would have been made the central figure, and the other characters more subservient. It redounds greatly to Miss Cary's credit that by her elaborate and artistic acting she makes Jo, under such circumstances as we have recited, of sufficient importance to enchain the attention of the auditors. In appearance she presented a faithful portrait of a type of the London street Arab, and her impersonation was earnest, conscientious and touching, particularly in the death-scene in the last act, when her pathos caused many eyes to moisten. Frank Mordaunt's acting of the detective, Bucket, deserves warm praise. We think the character could be made more effective if the dialogue were somewhat condensed. James Taylor gave an even and conscientious performance of Tulkinghorn. George Devere satisfied the requirements of the cold and stately Sir Leicester Dedlock. George W. Wilson was quite happy in portraying the peculiarities of Mr. Guppy, his original character. Mrs. Thomas Barry delineated quite artistically the misfortunes of Lady Dedlock. Miss Isadore Cameron depicted with much intensity and naturalness the villainy of Hortense. Miss Lizzie Hunt acted Esther Summerson effectively, and the others in the cast displayed care and attention. The piece was carefully mounted, and the attendance was quite numerous.

"BLUE JO" continued to attract good-sized audiences to the Park Theatre the past week, in spite of the high temperature. Now that the several artists in the cast have become accustomed to one another's idiosyncracies, the action of the comedy moves much more smoothly, and an improvement is noticeable in several of the minor details, which enhances the harmony of the representation.

OWEN FAWCETT paid the city a flying visit the past week, and left July 28 for Whitmore Lake, Mich., to indulge for a time in piscatorial sports.

ANNA BOYLE, a young miss of fourteen summers, is to act Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" at Booth's Theatre during this week. She made quite a successful debut in this character in Washington, D. C., during the past season.

NO CHANGE will be made in the attractions at the Park Theatre or Union-square Theatre this week, "Baby" and "Poor Jo" being continued.

WOOD'S THEATRE (late Heller's) is to open under the management of George Wood July 30, with Den Thompson as the star and "Joshua Whitcomb" the play. The company includes the Misses May Nunez, Julia Wilson, Julie Coventry, Louise Dickson, Mrs. Nourse, Mrs. S. A. Baker, Messrs. J. J. Wallace, L. J. Mestayer, W. H. Fitzgerald, H. Clifton, G. C. Charles, P. E. Sullivan, and A. Cline. Cheap prices will be adhered to, the scale being as follows: Orchestra chairs, 50 cents; admission, 30 cents; and family-circle, 20 cents.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN "The Poor of New York" will continue the attraction this week. We are authorized by Manager Fleming to state that neither "Baba" nor "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be produced there this Summer, as has been stated by several journals of this city.

"EVANGELINE" was withdrawn from the stage of the Fifth-avenue Theatre after July 28, the performances that night being for the benefit of Harry Hunter, and those of the previous evening for the benefit of M. C. Daly. Attendance light.

THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE was opened July 28, under the management of G. P. Barnard, and with the following company: J. Stansill, Lew Cole, Leonie Irving, J. J. Riley, Frank Davis, Addie Seaman, Charles Vincent, Georgie Morrell, Addie Morrell, the Daisey Sisters, Siegrist and Levanion, the Colonna Ballet Troupe, Fannie Florence and Marie Connelly's Statue Troupe.

"AH SIN" is to be produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre Tuesday night, July 31. The cast will include Charles T. Parsloe, Henry Crisp, E. K. Collier, P. Anderson, H. A. Weaver, W. Lethridge, Vining Bowers, E. Varrey, F. Chapman, the Misses Dora Goldthwaite, Mary Wells, Edith Blande and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. The piece will be produced under the personal supervision of Mark Twain.

AT THE BOSTON (MASS.) MUSEUM, wrote, on July 28, our correspondent, who has just recovered from four weeks' illness, "Evangeline" concluded its third and last week on the 28, with a benefit to W. H. Crane. The season has been very successful, the house being packed every night. On the 27 "Le Petit Corsair" will be produced for the first time. With the full company in the cast, excepting Lillian Conway, whose place is supplied by Vente G. Cheever Goodwin from Wm. Brough's 'Conrad and Medora.' The regular season at this house will open on Aug. 28 with 'Divorce.'"

HATTIE RICHMOND has been engaged for the coming season by John T. Ford of Baltimore, Md.

THE MAY-VERY-COMBINATION performed in Cooperstown, N. Y., July 28.

IT IS G. O. SHIELDS, and not G. O. Hields, that is engaged at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., the coming season.

KATY MATHEW closed her engagement in the New Market Theatre, Portland, Oregon, July 14, and left for San Francisco, Cal., 15. Robert Fulford and wife, Annie Pixley, and Mr. and Mrs. Zavistowski were underlined.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., we have advices up to July 22 as follow: "This city is at present overflowing with artists of the dramatic, operatic and minstrel professions, engaged in walking the streets in unsalaried idleness; and still they come, the glowing accounts of the condition of golden rewards of theatrical ventures in former days. This, the third dramatic centre in the country, is truly a good city for a good show, and has been the first to recognize many of the ablest artists in the dramatic profession, but it is a very vile place for incompetent unfortunates.....At Baldwin's Theatre 'Montjoye' held the boards all the week, except the evening of the 20th, when 'Othello' was presented, the occasion being Mr. Coghlan's benefit. Mr. McCullough acted the title character. Mr. Coghlan played Iago, but the gentleman's individuality is so absolutely opposed to the idiosyncrasies of the character that he did not achieve a marked success. Ellie Wilton as Desdemona was gentle and fair. The remaining persons, not being Shakespearian, need not detain attention. Mr. Coghlan's engagement has hardly been a success. His Charles Surface, Evelyn and Montjoye have proved him thorough an artist he is; but his Shylock, Hamlet and Iago blur the brightness of their remembrance. Mr. McCullough surrendered his lease of this theatre on the 21, and the house is again to let.....At the California Theatre 'Struck Oil' was withdrawn 18, after eight successful nights. 'The Fairy Circus,' or 'Carman's Dream,' was produced, with 'The Fool of Fortune' as the afterpiece. J. C. Williamson's delineation of Captain Carolan was masterly in accent, look and manner. His acting was natural and free from exaggeration. Mrs. Williamson's (Maggie Moore) Molshee was a jolly, rollicking impersonation, adorned with well-rendered songs, and by an excellently-danced jig, in which she 'welted the flure' in splendid style. Miss Frankie McClellan made her first appearance on this occasion, acting Ellen Blake, and created a favorable impression. The remaining characters were taken by Barton Hill, John Wilson, S. W. Leach, Walter Leman, M. B. Curtis and Murry Woods. A new drama entitled 'Grif, an Australian Story,' by B. L. Farjeon and Clay M. Greene, will be produced 23. The plot is as follows:

The drama opens in the attic of a building in Melbourne. The stage is divided into two rooms; one is occupied by Richard Hardfield and his wife, Adah, daughter of Mathew Nuttall, a wealthy landowner—who, having married against her father's wishes, is disowned by him; the other by Jim Pixley, the leader of a gang of thieves, and 'the Tender-hearted Oysterman,' by which name the attempts to rob Nuttall's cattle-station. Richard causes him to consent to join with them. They are overheard by Grif, a crust Arab, who informs Alice of the plot against her father and husband, and vows to assist them. Richard, entering, tells Alice of the interview with her father, who refused to assist them. She calls Richard's promise to leave the company of Pixey. At this juncture a mysterious person presents himself to Alice, gives the name of Lightheart, and, promising to look out for her interest, disappears. Scene 2 is a view of Grif's home, which is a cask in an alleyway. With Grif is a boy named Jacky, whom Grif has taken care of for years. Alice passes on her way to her father's house, and Grif, fearing trouble, follows her. Scene 3 represents the garden and house of Nuttall, and a fete is being given. Lightheart endeavors to soften Nuttall's heart towards Alice. Nuttall is surprised at this demand from one whom he thinks a stranger, but promises to look into the matter. Richard arrives, and Lightheart comes to the rescue. Act III—Grif has become a moral bootblack, living food by fair means or foul, when Lightheart enters, perceiving the illness of Peter, is about to adopt him, when Nuttall appears and offers to adopt the boys. Grif refuses, and, vowing to leave Alice, but Peter consents. Lightheart informs Grif that Peter is his son, and, telling him to watch Pixey, disappears. Grif resolves to sell out and devote himself to Alice. Scene 2—Attic.—The plot is developed. Grif, however, gives timely warning, and Lightheart comes to the rescue. Act IV opens at the gold fields, where Richard and Lightheart are in illness. A miner called Honest Steve offers them a share in his claim, which they accept, and agree to start for the claim at nightfall. This is a plot for Pixey (alias 'The Oysterman') to gain the confidence of Richard, by having been agreed to between Pixey and the oysterman to kill Lightheart, and, by throwing the blame of the murder on Richard, force him to join with them in the proposed robbery. Lightheart is stabbed and thrown into a chasm, but Richard escapes and flies to give the alarm to Nuttall. In the next scene Grif arrives and warn Nuttall. Richard appears, and tells of the murder, believing him innocent, and Grif avows his intention of becoming a miner. Alice is left alone, and disappears. The last scene shows Highlay Station in possession of the robbers, who have been endeavoring unsuccessfully to force the hut. Richard appears, pursued by the miners, who believe him guilty of the murder of Lightheart. He is unable to establish his innocence. Grif makes a dying confession to the effect that he overheard the plot against Richard, and accused the oysterman of the murder. He is about to swear to this, when Lightheart appears. It then turns out that he is a long-lost son of Nuttall, who has been in disguise endeavoring to secure the forgiveness of Alice. The play ends with the arrest of the villians and the death of Grif.

Mrs. Williamson will play the character of Grif, and Mr. Williamson Lightheart.....At Emerson's Minstrels Sam Rickey and Charles McCarthy made their appearance 18 in their Irish specialty 'Taking the Pledge.' Wash Norton took a farewell benefit 20. David Hawley does some daring aerial evolutions, and Ernest Linden is an excellent balladist; but the chief features are Emerson and Sweatnam, who individually possess much talent. W. H. Tilla the tenor appears 23.....At the Bush-street Theatre Tony Pastor and company are performing nightly to crowded houses. The programme includes thirteen new and distinct acts, embracing in its entirety one of the best variety bills ever seen on this coast, and the performers are men of talent and repute. Tony Pastor, Gus Williams and Delehanty and Hengler are the prime favorites..... At Platt's Hall, Robert Heller, magician, finished the fifth and last week of his successful season 21. He will perform at Salt Lake 24, 25, and will be at Jersey, his manager, remains, and will spend the Summer in California.....At the Adelphi Theatre Sid C. France made his debut 16, appearing in 'Marked for Life.' J. M. Ward and Jennie Johnson rendered efficient support.....Rose Eytinge and Bouicicault are the next stars at the California. The Soldene Comic-opera Company sailed for Australia 18. Knight Aston the actor and Harry Allen of the same company left for New York same date."

MUSICAL.

A CLARIONET and E-flat cornet or baritone player desires an engagement. See O. W. Artz's card, in which he offers a staff of bells and fixtures for sale.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. A. FLORANCE are spending their vacation at their cottage, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. "Reunion March," the latest effort of Mr. Florance, is noticed elsewhere.

JOHN N. CHADSEY, music publisher, advertises that he will mail "Over the Hills to the Poor-house" and other pieces, with orchestral parts, on receipt of price.

HARDING advertises a new song-and-dance by O'Reardon, entitled "The Marriage Bells."

SLAVIN'S CABIN SINGERS concertised in Clyde, O., July 26, Norwalk 27, Bellevue 28.

THE BANJO is taught by mail as per advertisement of the Dime Banjo Music Co.

SIG. BRIGNOLI gave a concert at Cape May on Friday last, with Miss Reber, Teresa Careno, Sigs. Susini and Bendelari as the performers.

THEODORE THOMAS' CONCERTS proving successful in Chicago, Ill., their engagement has been extended another week, viz., to Aug. 4.

THE BENEFIT of Jerry Stevens at the Apollo Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., July 25, was fairly successful. The performance opened with "Lola, the Cigar Girl of Cuba," Miss Julia Blake appearing as Lola, and O. W. Blake enacting the part of Sol Switch. Jerry Stevens presented "The Novice Politician," giving an excellent portraiture of an Irishman in search of political influence. Miss Emma Duchateau sang two solos in a very creditable manner. A young man by the name of McDonough did a song-and-dance in regular professional style. The farce of "Family Jars" introduced Miss Frankie Norton in the character of Liddy Larrigan, Archie Boyd playing Diggory; G. B. Berrell, Delve; J. A. Schuetle, Porcelain; A. La Croix, Benedict; and Ida Blake, Emily. The evening's entertainment concluded with a social hop.

J. A. SIMON of the Simon Comedy Company had a benefit at Alton, Ill., July 20, on which occasion the house was filled. The bill was "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Clara Belden playing the part of Juliet. George B. Berrell and W. D. Turner of St. Louis were especially engaged to assist at the performance. Mr. Simon has secured a large residence in Alton, where the members of his company are stopping for the Summer.

THE WALNUT-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, will be reopened for a brief preliminary season Saturday evening, Aug. 4, with the new sensational drama of "Secret Service, or McParlan the Detective," which will be produced under the direction of John E. McDonough, with new scenery and appointments, and a dramatic cast including J. E. McDonough, Matt Snyder, George Thompson, W. Carleton, Harry Langdon, W. H. Wallis, C. A. McMannus, E. Marble, Jule Keene, H. Carlyle, Jerry Taylor and Mrs. Chas. Henri. The successful comedy of "Babes in the Woods" is underlined for production here Aug. 27.

THE CAMILLA URSO CONCERT TROUPE will consist of Mme. Camilla Urso, violinist; Miss Joy Wandesforde, soprano; W. C. Stower, tenor; J. Rudolphsen, baritone; and Herr Beuno Scherrek, solo-pianist.

JOHNSTON'S NEW YORK THEATRE will be in Plymouth, N. H., Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, Ashland 6, 7, Laconia 8, 9, Concord 10, 11. A few good people and a leader or pianist and organist are requested to address as above.

JOHN F. RYAN & CO., whose address find in another column, offer MS. plays for sale, and state that they want to purchase copies of successful plays.

CINCINNATI DRAMATIC ITEMS to July 28: "There will be no stock company at the Grand Opera-house next season. Mr. Miles will depend upon combinations, and companies borrowed for occasions.....The only member of Mr. McCauley's company that season retained for the coming one is Mr. Wilson, the 'old man.' Mr. Owen of Pittsburg will be second old man, and Miss Fannie Francis juvenile lady. Mr. Ed. Harvey is to be the scenic artist.....John A. Mackey left Cincinnati for New York 28. He is to play Con in 'The Shaughraun' combination next season. He tears himself away from Porkopolis very tearfully.....Harry Barton is Summering with John Marble on the banks of the blue Miami (canal) in Cincinnati. The only work he has done since the season closed was to remark upon the fact that Wm. Boston pitcher wore glasses, to the days.....Harry Rainforth, who is spending the Summer with Selden Irwin near Cincinnati, is engaged for first low comedy next season with Manager Ford."

AT THE BOSTON (MASS.) MUSEUM, wrote, on July 28, our correspondent, who has just recovered from four weeks' illness, "Evangeline" concluded its third and last week on the 28, with a benefit to W. H. Crane. The season has been very successful, the house being packed every night. On the 27 "Le Petit Corsair" will be produced for the first time. With the full company in the cast, excepting Lillian Conway, whose place is supplied by Vente G. Cheever Goodwin from Wm. Brough's 'Conrad and Medora.' The regular season at this house will open on Aug. 28 with 'Divorce.'"

HATTIE RICHMOND has been engaged for the coming season by John T. Ford of Baltimore, Md.

THE MAY-VERY-COMBINATION performed in Cooperstown, N. Y., July 28.

IT IS G. O. SHIELDS, and not G. O. Hields, that is engaged at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., the coming season.

KATY MATHEW closed her engagement in the New Market Theatre, Portland, Oregon, July 14, and left for San Francisco, Cal., 15. Robert Fulford and wife, Annie Pixley, and Mr. and Mrs. Zavistowski were underlined.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., we have advices up to July 22 as follow: "This city is at present overflowing with artists of the dramatic, operatic and minstrel professions, engaged in walking the streets in unsalaried idleness; and still they come, the glowing accounts of the condition of golden rewards of theatrical ventures in former days. This, the third dramatic centre in the country, is truly a good city for a good show, and has been the first to recognize many of the ablest artists in the dramatic profession, but it is a very vile place for incompetent unfortunates.....At Baldwin's Theatre 'Montjoye' held the boards all the week, except the evening of the 20th, when 'Othello' was presented, the occasion being Mr. Coghlan's benefit. Mr. McCullough acted the title character. Mr. Coghlan played Iago, but the gentleman's individuality is so absolutely opposed to the idiosyncrasies of the character that he did not achieve a marked success. Ellie Wilton as Desdemona was gentle and fair. The remaining persons, not being Shakespearian, need not detain attention. Mr. Coghlan's engagement has hardly been a success. His Charles Surface, Evelyn and Montjoye have proved him thorough an artist he is; but his Shylock, Hamlet and Iago blur the brightness of their remembrance. Mr. McCullough surrendered his lease of this theatre on the 21, and the house is again to let.....At the California Theatre 'Struck Oil' was withdrawn 18, after eight successful nights. 'The Fairy Circus,' or 'Carman's Dream,' was produced, with 'The Fool of Fortune' as the afterpiece. J. C. Williamson's delineation of Captain Carolan was masterly in accent, look and manner. His acting was natural and free from exaggeration. Mrs. Williamson's (Maggie Moore) Molshee was a jolly, rollicking impersonation, adorned with well-rendered songs, and by an excellently-danced jig, in which she 'welted the flure' in splendid style. Miss Frankie McClellan made her first appearance on this occasion, acting Ellen Blake, and created a favorable impression. The remaining characters were taken by Barton Hill, John Wilson, S. W. Leach, Walter Leman, M. B. Curtis and Murry Woods. A new drama entitled 'Grif, an Australian Story,' by B. L. Farjeon and Clay M. Greene, will be produced 23. The plot is as follows:

The drama opens in the attic of a building in Melbourne. The stage is divided into two rooms; one is occupied by Richard Hardfield and his wife, Adah, daughter of Mathew Nuttall, a wealthy landowner—who, having married against her father's wishes, is disowned by him; the other by Jim Pixley, the leader of a gang of thieves, and 'the Tender-hearted Oysterman,' by which name the attempts to rob Nuttall's cattle-station. Richard causes him to consent to join with them. They are overheard by Grif, a crust Arab, who informs Alice of the plot against her father and husband, and vows to assist them. Richard, entering, tells Alice of the interview with her father, who refused to assist them. She calls Richard's promise to leave the company of Pixey. At this juncture a mysterious person presents himself to Alice, gives the name of Lightheart, and, promising to look out for her interest, disappears. Scene 2 is a view of Grif's home, which is a cask in an alleyway. With Grif is a boy named Jacky, whom Grif has taken care of for years. Alice passes on her way to her father's house, and Grif, fearing trouble, follows her. Scene 3 represents the garden and house of Nuttall, and a fete is being given. Lightheart endeavors to soften Nuttall's heart towards Alice. Nuttall is surprised at this demand from one whom he thinks a stranger, but promises to look into the matter. Richard arrives, and Lightheart comes to the rescue. Act III—Grif has become a moral bootblack, living food by fair means or foul, when Lightheart enters, perceiving the illness of Peter, is about to adopt him, when Nuttall appears and offers to adopt the boys. Grif refuses, and, vowing to leave Alice, but Peter consents. Lightheart informs Grif that Peter is his son, and, telling him to watch Pixey, disappears. Grif resolves to sell out and devote himself to Alice. Scene 2—Attic.—The plot is developed. Grif, however, gives timely warning, and Lightheart comes to the rescue. Act IV opens at the gold fields, where Richard and Lightheart are in illness. A miner called Honest Steve offers them a share in his claim, which they accept, and agree to start for the claim at nightfall. This is a plot for Pixey (alias 'The Oysterman') to gain the confidence of Richard, by having been agreed to between Pixey and the oysterman to kill Lightheart, and, by throwing the blame of the murder on Richard, force him to join with them in the proposed robbery. Lightheart is stabbed and thrown into a chasm, but Richard escapes and flies to give the alarm to Nuttall. In the next scene Grif arrives and warn Nuttall. Richard appears, and tells of the murder, believing him innocent, and Grif avows his intention of becoming a miner. Alice is left alone, and disappears. The last scene shows Highlay Station in possession of the robbers, who have been endeavoring unsuccessfully to force the hut. Richard appears, pursued by the miners, who believe him guilty of the murder of Lightheart. He is unable to establish his innocence. Grif makes a dying confession to the effect that he overheard the plot against Richard, and accused the oyster

AN INVENTOR desires a partner for the production of a novelty. See A. V.'s card.

POWERS' NATIONAL MUSEUM was exhibited in Shippensburg, Pa., July 23, Newburg 24, Oakville 25, Springfield 26, Mount Rock 27, Bloserville 28, and is billed in Plainfield 30, Carlisle Springs 31, Hickorytown Aug. 1, New Kingston 2, Hagerstown 3, Island Grove 4.

RUFUS SOMERBY'S WORLD'S FAIR, consisting of a Panorama of the Centennial Exposition, Oscar and Louise Shaffer, vocalists, and C. H. Booth, Dutch specialties, closed a traveling season of eleven months' duration in Republic, Mich., July 21.

MCEVOY'S NEW HIBERNICA and Healy's Irish Comedy Company start Aug. 2 for a four weeks' tour of Newfoundland. The company is as follows: John E. Henshaw, Miss May Teu Broeck, Billy McGinn, Charley Austin, Emma Austin, George Reynolds (pianist), James A. Graham, and John E. Healy.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

MRS. BOUSSY was, at last advices, in Boulogne, France, whither she had gone for the benefit of her health, which had been quite seriously affected.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD is to take the character of Katharine in the forthcoming revival of "Henry the Eighth" at Manchester, Eng. Regnier, under whom she has been studying, is enthusiastic in his predictions of her success.

MUSICAL.

FEARS are expressed that Titiens will never again resume her profession. The condition of her health is still critical.

THE AVERAGE ANNUAL VALUE of the musical instruments made in Paris during the last six years has been 23,000,000f., divided among 360 makers, employing no fewer than 5,000 workmen. Paris turns out every year 1,320,000f. worth of accordeons. Pianos figure for 11,400,000f.; organs for nearly 5,250,000f.; wind, wood and metal instruments for nearly 4,000,000f.; but bowed instruments for less than 500,000f.

THE TURF.

SARATOGA SUMMER RACES.

The attendance on Tuesday, July 24, the second day of the meeting of the Saratoga Association, was far from large, notwithstanding the beautiful weather. The limited patronage of the racecourse was attributed to the widespread excitement that prevailed on the subject in consequence of the strike among the railroad employes. The track was in admirable running order, and the expectations of fast time being made were realized. The opening event was the sixth renewal of the Alabama Stakes, a race for three-year-old fillies with $100 subscription, half-forfeit, with $1,000 added by the Association, the second to receive $300 out of the stakes; one mile and an eighth. There were fifty subscribers, and only seven starters, viz., A. Belmont's c. f. Susquehanna, by Lorillard's b. f. Idalia, by Kentucky; c. f. Idalia, by McDaniel's b. f. Lady Salyers, Doswell & Co.'s b. f. Grecian Maid, and C. Reed's br. f. Imperatrice. All carried 107lb, except Susquehanna, who, to have the advantage of Hayward's services in the saddle, carried 108lb. The last pools sold averaged as follows: Zoo Zoo, $350; Oriole, $220; Idalia, $180; Susquehanna, $150; field, $80. A good start was effected without delay; Grecian Maid first showing ahead of the others, followed by Susquehanna and Oriole, Hayward quickly pulling back the former and allowing the Maryland filly to take second position. As they ran past the judges' stand Grecian Maid was leading a clear length, Oriole and Zoo Zoo next, in front of Susquehanna and Idalia. On the upper turn Oriole assumed the lead, and retained it into the straight run-home, where she gave way to Susquehanna and Zoo Zoo. A most exciting contest ensued between the latter pair, but the moment Hayward called upon Susquehanna for a final, decisive effort, she responded with remarkable gameness, and, drawing clear of her formidable opponent, won the race by a full length in 1:57¼, being the fastest time by three seconds the race had ever been won in; Zoo Zoo secured second money, by beating Oriole six lengths; the latter clear of Lady Salyers, who ran very fast up the stretch. Idalia was fifth, her performance sadly disappointing the George Lorillard stable, who, however, had no cause to feel of having backed the winner. Cheers greeted the success of the maroon and scarlet colors of Mr. Belmont, it being the first stake his stable has won this season, owing to his string of horses having all gone amiss just prior to the Jerome Park meeting. The winner is by imp. Leamington out of Susan Beane, a daughter of Lexington and Sallie Lewis, and this combines the best strains of blood in the English and American studs. Value of stake, $3,950. The Flash Stakes for two-year-olds was the next race, and was a dash of half a mile, $100 each, half forfeit, with $500 added; winners of any race after June 25 that closed in 1877, at any other than the Saratoga course, to carry 7lb extra. There were 35 entries, of which number nine came to the post, making the value of the stake $2,700; the second horse saving his entrance-money. The runners were J. Lorillard's b. f. Perfection, George Lorillard's b. c. Duke of Magenta, D. McDaniel's c. f. Fawn, D. D. Withers' c. f. by Australian, dam Geneva; F. Smythe's c. c. Danicheff, J. A. Grinstead's b. c. Alleveur, W. Astor's c. c. Dr. Krestier, E. A. Clabaugh's b. bk. f. Jet, and C. Reed's b. c. Eugene N. Robinson. The thousands of dollars the Rancocus stable had lost on Zoo Zoo in the previous race did not deter them from plunging on their champion in the two-year-old race, and they freely gave $900 for Perfection at the pool stand, against $250 each for Duke of Magenta and the Fawn, $150 for Alleveur, $100 for Danicheff, and $100 for the field. At the starting-post Alleveur showed considerable temper, and when the flag fell he was left several lengths behind, along with the favorite. Danicheff was first away, but Perfection had run a hundred yards Duke of Magenta took up the running, and showed the way to the others, of which Perfection was the leader, she having shot past her horses like a flash. The Duke retained his lead until well into the straight-run-home, when Barbee judiciously took a pull on him so to have something in reserve for an emergency. It was well that he did so, for Barrett brought up Perfection, and resolutely challenged him at the furlong pole, and a struggle ensued. It seemed at one time as if Perfection was going to win, but under the good horsemanship of Barbee the Duke of Magenta got his head in front in the last stride, and won on the post in 49⅛sec. Perfection beat the Fawn by three lengths for second place, the Geneva filly fourth. The winner is by Lexington out of Magenta by Yorkshire, stands about 15¾ hands in height, and is a very powerfully built, muscular colt, with capital legs under him. The third race was a handicap dash of a mile and a quarter, for a purse of $400, for which the following nine horses started: Crouse's c. c. Joe, 92lb; Carr & Co.'s b. c. Viceroy, 114lb; Smythe's b. h. Waller, 118lb; G. Longstaff's b. c. Fraud, 113lb; Reed's c. g. Red Coat, 108lb; P. Lorillard's b. g. Diamond, 88lb; Medinger's b. c. Washington Bouth, 92lb; G. Lorillard's b. c. Ambush, 112lb; and Price's g. c. Bill Bass, 94lb. Ambush and Viceroy were alternately favorites in the pools, the last one sold being as follows: Ambush, $480; Viceroy, $450; Waller, $250; Fraud, $230; Red Coat, $175; Bill Bass, $100; field (comprising Joe, Diamond and Booth), $100. When the flag fell, Joe dashed to the front, speedily opened a gap of two lengths, and, although Viceroy, who had been disappointed in getting through his horses, came with a rush at the finish, he could never fairly reach the outsiders, and won the race by a length in 2:12; Waller third, a length behind Viceroy. Mutual pools on Joe paid $139.60. The steeplechase handicap, for a purse of $700, two miles and a quarter, in which horses that had run elsewhere than at Saratoga were excluded, had only four runners, and two of these belonged to the same party. They were Reed's Trouble, 165lb, and Doubtful, 130lb; Hart's Reading, 140lb; and Cattanach's Bencher, 128lb. Reed's pair sold, for $100 to $35 for the field. The race is soon described: Bencher refused the waterjump and was out of the contest, Doubtful bolted the course, and Trouble had no difficulty in beating Redding by two lengths in 5:53½.

The racing on Thursday, July 26, the third day of the meeting, was signalized by the disastrous defeats of three out of the four favorites. The weather was all that could have been desired for the enjoyment of the visitors, a large proportion of whom were ladies. The course was fast and safe. The opening event was a purse of $400 for all ages, one mile. Fifteen started, but 25 of any race closed in 1877, at any other than the Saratoga Course, to carry 7lb extra; maidens, four-years-old or upward, allowed 7lb; entrance money, $20 each, to go to the second horse. For this there were seven entries, but the absence of two of them, Rhadamanthus and Madge, reduced the number of starters to five, viz., Brewster & Co.'s bk. c. Virginius, 118lb; Longstaff's b. c. W. I. Higgins, 102lb; Reed's c. g. Cardinal Wolsey, 99lb; McDaniel's b. f. Princess of Thule, 97lb; and Mulkey's c. m. Chiquita, 119lb. All the above had been winners, and, therefore, not entitled to the allowance for maidens. Chiquita was made the favorite in all the pools sold. In the absence of Rhadamanthus and Madge, both of whom were reserved for a subsequent race, there was a general desire to back Virginius, especially among the New York division of turfmen. The Missouri maid sold for $300, W. I. Higgins for $110, Virginius and Cardinal Wolsey for $105 each, and the Princess of Thule for $50. Major Doswell undertook the duties of starter (for the regular official, Mr. Puryear, having an interest in Virginius, declined to start the horses), and, after some delay caused by Cardinal Wolsey and Virginius refusing to join their competitors, the lot were sent away on their journey, with Virginius in front, and having Cardinal Wolsey, Chiquita, Princess of Thule, and Higgins as his immediate followers. In going around the first turn Cardinal Wolsey and Princess of Thule got on even terms with Virginius, and the three ran lapped nearly to the half-mile pole, on reaching the throwed clear in front; both Virginius and Higgins falling back under the restraining pull of their jockeys. On the lower turn both Princess of Thule and Cardinal Wolsey were in distress, and, slackening up, left Higgins in the lead, which he maintained until midway up the homestretch. Here for a few strides Chiquita looked wonderously dangerous, but, being poorly ridden, she fell back, and Barbee brought up Virginius with a powerful rush, challenged Higgins, and won an exciting race by a length in the fast time of 1:45. Cardinal Wolsey was third, four lengths behind Higgins; Princess of Thule fourth, and the favorite beaten off. Mutual pools paid $27.80 off the winner. The Saratoga Cup, the principal race of the day, was the next event. This race is a sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, with $1,000 added; $200 out of the stakes to the second horse; two miles and a quarter. The penalizing clause characterizing the Saratoga programme this year is in operation in this race, winners after June 25, elsewhere than at Saratoga, of any race that closed in 1877, having to carry 7lb extra. There were 34 subscribers, making the value of the cup $2,200, and four came to the post: Tom Ochiltree, 124lb; Parole, 115lb; Vera Cruz, 97lb; and Athlene, 113lb—a quartet of brilliant public performers. When the names of the starters were announced the day previous, there seemed to be little interest attached to the race, for Tom Ochiltree's winning it seemed to be a foregone conclusion. But when it became currently rumored early the previous evening that Tom was suffering from an attack of colic, the result of his wind-sucking habit, there was a perfect rush to get on Vera Cruz with the bookmakers; and after $1,000 to $250 had been accepted several times, the desire to back him was so great that $1,000 to $300 was taken. Considerable was also wagered that he would beat any named horse, and $40 to $10 was laid several times between him and Athlene. Next morning put a different complexion on affairs, for the crack was reported to be all right again, and he was reinstalled as the favorite at almost even money over the field. In one of the last pools sold before the start Tom Ochiltree brought $600; Parole, $240; Vera Cruz, $200; and Athlene, $65. Without any delay they were started, Tom Ochiltree taking the lead, followed by Athlene, Parole and Vera Cruz. The last overhauled Tom before they had run halfway up the homestretch, and the four ran lapped under the string, with Athlene four lengths behind them, and Parole last, but running under Barrett's powerful pull. On the backstretch Vera Cruz took a lead of two lengths, which he maintained to the starting-point at the three-quarter pole, the first mile having been run in 1:51½. In coming up the straight-stretch, Barbee, on the favorite, cleared a little on Vera Cruz, but the latter shook him off as they passed the judges' stand, where he was two clear lengths in front. On the backstretch Ochiltree gradually got to Vera Cruz's quarters, and, passing the half-mile pole, a magnificent neck-and-neck struggle between them ensued all the way around the lower turn into the homestretch, the young one running with the greatest gameness. The first two miles were run in 3:38, the second mile in 1:46¾. Entering the homestretch, Vera Cruz could not maintain his struggle with his older opponent, and he gave up the contest, Parole taking second place. Full of running, the little black gelding collared Tom Ochiltree opposite the pool-stands, and a desperate set-to ensued, each jockey doing all that skill and experience could suggest to urge his horses to the utmost powers. The struggle was short, sharp and decisive, for Parole gradually got his head in front, increased his lead at every stride, and finally won the race by two lengths in 4:04¼, thus reversing last year's decision. Athlene was third, four lengths behind Tom Ochiltree, and Vera Cruz last, and greatly tired. The time, considering the weights carried, was fast. The winner is by Leamington, out of Maiden by Lexington, and is full brother to James A., Perfection and Mineola, as well as to the yearling Mr. Lorillard has entered for the English Derby of 1879. Mutual pools paid $31.20 on the winner of the cup. A dash of three-quarters of a mile, for a purse of $300, for all ages—$50 to second; and horses that had run in the United States since June 25, elsewhere than at Saratoga, excluded—was the third race. Eight started: Dwyer Bros.' bk. h. Rhadamanthus, 122lb; P. Lorillard's br. c. Diamond, 104lb; Cosgrove & Co.'s ch. g. Mechanic, 107lb; J. H. Harbeck Jr.'s b. c. Bertram, 118lb; T. W. Doswell's b. f. Grecian Maid, 102lb; C. Reed's c. f. Bridget, 77lb; W. Mulkey's br. c. Lucifer, 107lb; F. Smythe's c. m. Madge, 117lb; and D. McDaniel's b. f. by Enquirer. Rhadamanthus was the favorite, bringing $300; Bertram, $125; Madge, $50; Mechanic, Grecian Maid, $35; and the field, $125. A bad start was made, which gave the race to the favorite, Rhadamanthus, who got away so far ahead of the others that he was never caught, and he won easily by four lengths in 1:16; Diamond second, and Mechanic third. In a selling race, one mile and a quarter, for a purse of $400, selling allowances, brought out ten runners, viz., Geo. Longstaff's George IV (formerly Fraud), 106lb; Geo. Lorillard's br. c. Ambush, 111lb; T. Doswell's c. c. Rappahannock, 106lb; D. J. Crouse's c. c. Joe, 101lb; P. Lorillard's b. g. Fugitive, 103lb; C. Reed's c. g. Redcoat, 95lb; A. Belmont's b. f. Baroness, 90lb; J. F. Williams' b. h. Fairplay, 104lb; Carr & Co.'s c. f. Ella Wootten, 96lb; and Fisher & Co.'s b. g. Marilime, 104lb. The favorite was Fugitive, who sold for $550; Fairplay, $325; Redcoat, $300; George IV, $205; Baroness, $170; Ambush, $135; Rappahannock, $100; field, $30. Rappahannock made the running alternately with Auburn for three-quarters of a mile, when Evans brought up George IV, and by clever jockeyship won the race by a length in 2:13½; Ambush second.

THE CLEVELAND, O., TROTTING MEETING.

second in the Grand Central Circuit—commenced on Tuesday, July 24, and continued over the following three days. On the opening day the weather was all that could be desired, and, notwithstanding the widespread excitement in consequence of the strike, the attendance was very large. The trotting commenced with the race for horses of the 2:23 class, for a purse of $2,500, divided into first, second, third and fourth moneys. All the horses started that were entered, viz., D. M. Bowen's b. m. Nina Belle; H. Goldsmith's br. g. Powers, D. A. Snell's b. m. Lady Snell, J. Murphy's b. g. White Stockings, J. Hines' g. g. Silversides, and E. E. Rood's c. g. Mazomanie. White Stockings won the first heat with ease in 2:21¼, and then the Wisconsin crack, Mazomanie, came to the front and captured the second and third heats in 2:24, 2:23¾. In the fourth heat White Stockings took the lead at the start, maintained it throughout up to the very last stride, when Mazomanie, according to the judges' decision (which was not concurred in by the majority of the spectators, and gave great dissatisfaction), got his head in front, and won the heat and race by a throat-latch in 2:20¼. Mazomanie was the favorite before the start, but after White Stockings had won the first heat he became the choice at $100 to $60 over the field. The second trot was for horses of the 2:34 class, for a purse of $2,000, for which all the ten horses entered came to the starting-post. These were T. J. Dunbar's b. m. Marian H., C. M. Brown's b. g. Dan Bassett, Dan Mace's b. g. Sheridan, J. Murphy's c. m. Lady Pritchard, A. B. De Hart's b. g. Frank Saylor, J. E. Turner's s. s. Hamils, S. Willett's g. g. B. F. Bruce, G. E. Whitney's c. g. Captain Selleck, and C. S. Green's br. g. David. Sheridan was a favorite, and his many backers fell heavily by his defeat. Lady Pritchard won the first heat on sufferance in 2:27; Sheridan captured the second and third heats in 2:23, 2:25½, and then the Philadelphia horse Hannis went to work in earnest, and won the next three heats and the trot in 2:23¼, 2:24¾, 2:26¼.

On the second day, July 25, fully 10,000 people assembled on the course to see the race between Rarus, Lucille Golddust, Albemarle and Cosette. The track was in splendid order. The first trot decided was that for horses of the 2:19 class, for a purse of $3,000, for which four of the six horses entered came upon the track, viz., W. Sargent's sp. g. Albemarle, R. B. Gonahin's b. g. Rarus, J. M. French's bk. m. Cosette, and C. S. Green's b. m. Lucille Golddust. The betting was $200 to $60 on Rarus against the field, and he won in three straight heats, but Lucille Golddust made him trot them in 2:18¾, 2:18, 2:18¼, thus forcing him out of the 2:19 class, to which he previously belonged. Cosette beat Albemarle for third money. Great Eastern was entered, but, being lame, did not start. The next trot was a sensational one in several respects. It was for a purse of $2,500, open to horses of the 2:27 class, and had twelve starters out of the fourteen horses entered. The favorite in the pools was Scotland, who sold for $100 against $40 each for King Philip and Damon, and $40 for the others bunched as a field. King Philip won the first heat in 2:21, Damon the second in 2:23¾, Scotland the third and fourth in 2:27, 2:22½. Rose of Washington the fifth and sixth in 2:27, 2:24, and Cosette the seventh heat in 2:32½. All the horses were now tired out, and darkness coming on caused a postponement of the race until next day. An exciting incident occurred at the close of the fourth heat, the grey mare Scotland having over a hostler from Hartford, named Tom, knocking him down and inflicting such injuries that he died within an hour. The driver of Deception was thrown out of his sulky and very severely injured. During the day a man named J. B. Beard, of Wooster, O., was arrested by the police on the charge on suspicion of being a professional poisoner of trotting horses. Two bottles of poison were found on his person. On resuming the postponed trot next day, Deception won the eighth heat in 2:25, and then Scotland terminated the contest by winning the ninth heat and the race in 2:27. Rose of Washington took the second money, Damon third and King Philip fourth.

On the third day, July 26, the purse of $2,000 for horses of the 2:30 class was first trotted. Seven heats were required to decide it, D. S. Place's c. m. Jennie Holten winning the fourth, sixth and seventh heats and race in 2:23, 2:23, 2:31. She beat W. P. Gilson's b. g. Middleburg (who took the second and third heats in 2:22½, 2:22¼), D. W. Parker's b. m. VersaillesGirl (who won the fifth heat in 2:24½, although the judges did not announce any time), W. Bair's bk. g. Harry Clay (who won the first heat in 2:23¼), J. H. Goldsmith's b. g. Driver, C. M. Brown's b. g. Calmar, P. Wineman's b. m. Lady Logan, E. E. Rood's br. m. Belle Moore, and J. Murphy's b. g. John Murphy Jr. The purse of $2,500 for the 2:21 class was won in five heats by T. A. Noble's r. g. Slow Go, beating W. Hipbee's b. g. Little Fred (who won the first and second heats), D. Mace's bk. g. Prospero, H. G. Phillips' b. m. Adelaide, C. S. Green's b. m. Mattie, W. Doyle's g. g. Tanner Boy, G. Walker's b. m. May Bird, A. B. De Hart's b. m. Hannah D. and D. Muckie's b. m. Bella. Time, 2:20, 2:20¼, 2:18, 2:20¼, 2:22. On the last day of the meeting, which had been unprecedentedly successful, the purse of $2,500, for horses of the 2:25 class, was won by W. H. Crawford's b. m. Little Gipsy in four heats, beating W. H. Comee's b. g. Banquo (who won the second heat and money), C. Grover's b. g. Captain Jack (third money), J. H. Goldsmith's b. g. Alley (fourth), Lew Scott, Adele Clark, Lewinski, Richard, Jewess, and Belle Brassfield. Time, 2:26¾, 2:22¼, 2:23½, 2:22. The free-for-all purse of $3,000, divided, was captured by J. E. Turner's b. m. Nettie in three straight heats, beating C. S. Green's b. m. Lula (second), and D. Mace's c. g. Judge Fullerton. Time, 2:25¼, 2:22¼, 2:21½. The $1,000 purse, for pacers, was won in three straight heats by A. M. Wilson's g. g. Sweetser, beating Black & Owens' bk. g. Rowdy Boy (second), J. Patterson's br. g. Sleepy George (third), and five others. Time, 2:18, 2:19, 2:20¼.

TROTTING IN BOSTON.

The July meeting of the Mystic Park Association commenced July 24, with fine weather and good attendance. The opening race was for horses of the 2:50 class, for a purse of $400, divided, for which W. Woodruff's b. g. Billy Ed, D. Jenkins' g. m. Nelly Grant, E. Faunce's b. g. Billy Dow, E. S. Palmer's b. g. Morris, and N. Dore's b. g. Charley Gerrish started. Nellie Grant won the first heat in 2:30½, and Billy Ed the next three heats and the race in 2:30¼, 2:34½, 2:34. A sweepstakes of $100, with no distance except for foul driving, came next, and was won, after six heats were trotted, by H. Woodruff's b. g. Doctor, beating G. Hicks' b. m. Amanda, D. Bigley Jr.'s b. g. Lyman, and Jas. Golden's b. g. Frank. Amanda won the first and third heats in 2:36, 2:39¼, Lyman the fifth in 2:40¼, and Doctor the second, fourth, fifth and the race in 2:35, 2:38, 2:41. The third race was for horses of the 2:20 class, for a purse of $400, divided, and was won by R. Johnson's b. m. Lady Mac, after a contest of seven heats, beating J. Trout's b. g. John H. (who took the first and fifth heats in 2:24, 2:25¼), Mason & Travers' s. m. Martha Washington (who won the second and third heats in 2:24¼, 2:24¾), J. H. Goldsmith's b. m. Huntress, and D. Jenkins' g. s. Joe Brown. The winner captured the fourth, fifth and seventh heats in 2:24, 2:25¼, 2:25.

On the second day the opening trot was for horses of the 2:27 class, for a purse of $400, which brought out five contestants, viz., J. H. Goldsmith's b. g. Bateman, C. Taylor's br. m. Queechy Maid, L. Chase's br. m. Georgie M., J. N. Woodward's b. g. Shepherd Knapp Jr., and J. Golden's bk. s. Winthrop Morrill Jr. Queechy Maid won the first and third heats and second money in 2:28¾, 2:29, and Bateman the second, fourth and fifth heats and the race in 2:27¼, 2:29, 2:29½. Georgie M. took third, and Shepherd Knapp Jr. fourth money. The $400 purse, divided, for horses of the 2:31 class, had seven starters, and was won in three straight heats by J. Somerindyke's g. g. W. T. Allen, beating D. Bigley's g. m. Lady Daggett (second money), S. Hayes & Co.'s b. g. Ed. Chaplin (third), J. N. Woodward's br. s. John Lambert (fourth), Lon Morris' c. g. Boston Pilot, C. Bissell's b. s. Archie, and F. M. Berry's b. m. Lady Nell. Time, 2:31, 2:29, 2:29.

On the third day the attendance was small, but the sport excellent, the judges, for the first time during the meeting, stopping the nuisance of repeated and long-continued scoring, thereby enabling the trotting of the day's programme to be finished at an early hour. The first race was for 2:29 horses, for a purse of $400, divided, which was won by T. McLaughlin's c. m. Clara J. in four heats, beating C. Taylor's br. m. Queechy Maid (who took the first heat), D. Bigley Jr.'s b. g. Sam Curtis, A. Woodward's c. s. Cassius Prince, J. J. Bowen's b. m. Nina Belle and H. McGrath's b. g. George H. The second money was taken by Queechy Maid, third by Sam Curtis, and fourth by Cassius Prince. Time, 2:30, 2:28½, 2:29½, 2:28. The $400 purse, for horses of the 2:34 class, was won in four heats by W. Cross' c. m. Belle Oakley, beating S. E. Coombe's c. m. Belle of Worcester (who took the second heat), J. H. Goldsmith's b. g. Pelham (third money), D. Bigley Jr.'s g. m. Cora F. (fourth money), J. A. Conkey's bk. s. Tartar and J. Golden's s. m. Oshlega Belle. Time 2:32½, 2:32½, 2:32½, 2:33½.

On the last day, July 27, the purse and sweepstakes of $100 was won by H. Brock's br. g. Honest Billy in four heats, beating D. Bigley's b. g. Lyman (who won the first heat), H. Woodruff's b. g. Doctor, and G. H. Hicks' b. m. Amanda. Time, 2:41¼, 2:37½, 2:36¼, 2:38½. The divided purse of $400 for horses of the 2:38 class was won by D. Jenkins' s. m. Mary Russell in five heats, beating J. J. Bowen's b. s. J. H. Ferry (who won the second and third heats), E. Faunce's b. g. Billy Dow (third money), E. S. Palmer's b. g. Morris (fourth money), J. Murphy's b. g. Thomas S., H. G. Morse's b. g. Harry, W. Scollar's bk. m. Black Bess, and T. M. Berry's br. g. Arthur T. Time, 2:30½, 2:36, 2:34, 2:33, 2:35. Mary Russell was a favorite over the field, as the week before she had beaten the same horses she was now trotting against in very easy style at Beacon Park. She won the first heat very easily, but lost the second in such a suspicious manner that the judges took Jenkins, her driver, out of the sulky, and put in Golden, who won the next two heats and the race. The judges fined Jenkins $100 for pulling the mare in the second heat, and he narrowly escaped expulsion.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The Australians are breeding extensively to imported stock here, and claim that the cross is a decided improvement on the English thoroughbreds carried to that country. Roarers are not to be found among them, and they impart compact, symmetrical, well-proportioned form, as well as excellent limbs..... Hugh Caffrey has purchased the gelding by Blarney-stone, dam Lucy Fowler, from H. P. McGrath, and will convert him into a steeplechaser..... By his will, the late Admiral Rous leaves to each of his five nieces, the daughters of the Earl of Stradbroke, £8,000, on attaining the age of twenty-one; to Admiral Rous's nephew, Lieut. Rous, £20,000 and £2,500 to his executors; a few legacies to servants; and his silver-plate testimonial, presented to him by the Jockey Club, to the Earl of Stradbroke. The effects were sworn under $400,000..... Mr. D. Swigert has lost his two-year-old filly Abigail, a full sister to Harold, from the effects of an injury received two weeks ago. She cost $520 at the Woodburn yearling sale last season..... The well-known stallion Soapstone, one of the best of Touchstone's sons, dam Miriam by Malcolm, has been repurchased from the Union Stud, Berlin, Prussia, where he has stood some years, and carried back to England..... Chemical analysis of the stomach of McM. Blivens' trotter Factory Boy reveals the fact that the horse was not poisoned, as was suspected, but died from natural causes. Each of the chemists who separately made the analysis arrived at this conclusion independently of the other..... The trotting gelding White Owl, owned by C. L. Hood of La Crosse, Wis., was recently found dead in his pasture. He had a record of 2:35, and his owner paid $1,000 for him a year ago. A peculiarly fatal action was performed at the Brussels, Ont., races last week on Mr. Page's (of Logan) horse Sir Archy. Afraid that he would win the purses in the classes in which he was entered, some miscreant rubbed vitriol into the animal's face and body, which so disabled the horse that he had to be taken from the course. Mr. Page offers a reward for the conviction of the guilty party.

HORSES AMISS AT SARATOGA.—The following horses have gone amiss in their training since their arrival at Saratoga subsequently to the Jerome Park races, and will not be able to run at the first meeting, and probably not till the Fall meeting of the American Jockey Club: Col. McDaniel's Willie Burke, Australind, Governor Anderson, Princeton, and the bay colt by Monitor—Jr. out of Counterproof's dam; Mr. Belmont's Sultana, Magnum Bonum, Bustle and Buffler; Major Doswell's Algerine and Stranger; Mr. Astor's Frederick the Great, Vagrant and Atlanta; Gov. Bowie's Catacaxy; Mr. Clabaugh's Kingsland; Hardy, Durbanite and Girl; Dan. Kinney and The Gleanor; Larry Hart's Redman; and Dwyer Brothers' Brother to Bassett. Of the above, twenty in number, several only need rest, and have been stopped in their work in consequence. The broken-down list comprises Vigil, Palmetto, Pera, Piccolo, and Belle of the Meads. The last named was the best two-year-old in the West in 1876, and during her brief career beat such flyers as Baden Baden, McWhirter, King Faro, King William, Lisbon, and Glentina. She will be bred to Harry Hill next Spring. Vigil was the best three-year-old last season, having won six out of the seven races he started for, among them the Saratoga Summer Handicap, Grand National Handicap at Jerome Park, and the Dixie and Breckenridge Stakes at Baltimore. He broke down in running a two-mile trial at Saratoga on July 20.

MATCH BETWEEN HOPEFUL AND SMUGGLER.—The announcement that a match had been made between the celebrated gray gelding Hopeful and the equally-renowned brown stallion Smuggler attracted a large crowd to Mystic Park, Boston, July 23, to witness the contest; the proprietors of the track giving a purse of $1,000 for competition. Both appeared in good condition when they came upon the track, but the pool-selling, which was quite limited, showed that Hopeful was most fancied by the public, for he sold for $100, while Smuggler only realized $70 against it. Hopeful had the pole, and when the horses got the word in the first heat Smuggler had half a length the better of it. Breaking badly, however, before they had trotted far Smuggler lost ground, and Hopeful led to the quarter in 34½sec., to the half mile in 1:09½, and won the heat with the greatest ease by half a dozen lengths in 2:22. The second heat was like the first, Hopeful leading to the quarter and half in the same time as before, and winning by a dozen lengths in 2:19½. In the third heat Hopeful outtrotted the brown stallion to the quarter in 34½sec., the half in 1:09½, and the mile in 2:20½, thus winning the heat and the race.

THE FORFEITS QUESTION.—Hitherto it has been the general custom among racing associations for enforcing payment and collection of forfeits in stakes due on other associate courses, and this reciprocity of action in thus collecting forfeits and preventing the starting of horses by owners who were in the delinquent list has been productive of benefit to the sport. The Saratoga Association has, however, just adopted a course of action which is in opposition to this custom. At the recent Monmouth Park meeting stakes were advertised and entered into by owners; the races were run, and the stakes and added money duly paid by the Monmouth Park Association, but the horses won them. Among the forfeits due were those of Col. McDaniel and D. J. Crouse, which were reported to Charles Wheatley, the secretary of the Saratoga Association, who endeavored to collect them, but was met by a refusal to pay on the part of these individuals. The case was laid before the Executive Committee of Richard Dowell, Clabaugh and Grinstead, who decide, without giving any reason for their action, that the collection of such forfeits should not be enforced.

THE QUEBEC, CANADA, RACES commenced July 24, with the Queen's Plate, for horses bred in the Province of Quebec that had never won public money, dash of two miles. Mr. Hugh Paton Dawes' g. f., 3yrs., beating Maple Leaf (second) and Annie Owen. The hurdle race, two miles, for a purse of $150, was won by Dr. Kirwen's c. m. Austrine, beating Bonnie Brae and Jack Vandal; no time taken. The purse of $200, quarter mile heats, was won by J. Scott's m. Goldnote in two heats, beating Hurricane, the Moor, Rival and Bombadier. On the second day the weather was wet and unfavorable. Moonstone won the hurdle race purse of $250, two miles, over eight hurdles, with the Squire second and Gray Cloud third. The Scurry purse of $150, quarter mile heats, was won by Rival; the Merchants' purse of $250, two-mile heats, by Bombadier, with Moonstone second and Goldfinch third; and the Consolation purse by Hurricane.

TROTTING AT PHILADELPHIA.—A trotting match, under saddle, for $100, between H. Osmond's g. m. Ada and G. Williams' b. g. Mustang, came off on the New Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, Pa., July 26. Ada won in three straight heats. Time, 3:15, 3:00, 3:05. A match for gentlemen's road horses, half-mile heats, between C. Medford's br. s. Barney and J. Hayman's s. m. Nellie Clipper, was won in four heats by the former, the mare taking the first heat. Time, 1:42½, 1:39, 1:38½, 1:35. A purse of $100, given by A. R. Ladd, the proprietor of the Fashion Hotel, was contested by W. Sharp's b. m. Lady Sharp, in harness; E. R. Miller's s. m. Hannah Clark, to wagon; and E. Smith's b. g. Vanderbilt, in harness. Hannah Clark won the second heat in 2:45, and Lady Sharp the first, third and fourth heats and the race in 2:45¼, 2:46¼, 2:40.

DERBY, OAKS AND ST. LEGER OF 1879.—The nominations for these three great events of the English turf have just closed, and exhibit a very large increase in the number of subscribers to the first and last named events, as compared with former years. The Derby has 285 entries, against 236 in 1878 and 253 in 1877. The Oaks has 188, against 216 in 1878 and 177 in 1877. The St. Leger has 207, against 161 in 1878 and 219 in 1877. This increase in the number of entries affords satisfactory evidence of the prosperity of the English turf.

THOROUGHBREDS FOR CALIFORNIA.—The Kentucky turfman Capt. T. G. Moore of Crab Orchard started last week for the Pacific coast, taking with him seven fillies—two three-year-olds and five yearlings. Three of the latter are by War Dance and two by Daniel Boone. The three-year-olds are Madge Duke, by Bayonet, and Betsy Bland. The Captain intends bringing the stallion Foster back with him on his return. The fillies sent out are designed for breeding for the California turf.

AMERICAN STALLION STAKE.—This stake, which is to be run at Louisville, Ky., Fall meeting, 1879, is now open to colts and fillies. The entrance is $100, half forfeit; $200 to second horse, third to save his stake; one mile and three-quarters. The Jockey Club adds a vase, value $2,500, and breeders wishing to enter must subscribe the price of a season to the stake. Number of sires close Aug. 15, of colts and fillies Sept. 1.

STALLION MATCH.—A trotting-match for $600, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between the stallions Phil Sheridan and Messenger Knox, came off at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Me., on Wednesday, July 25. It was won by Phil Sheridan very easily in four heats, the second being taken by Messenger Knox. Time, 2:34½, 2:36, 2:34, 2:43.

THE TRIGGER.

THE RIFLEMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Last week a three-days competition for places on the rifle-team which is to represent Great Britain in the coming contest for the Centennial trophy was held at the University range, Cambridge, Eng. Each man had fifteen shots each day at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, and the total scores were as follow:

Ferguson of the Scotch Team	566
Rigby of the Irish Team	526
Humphrey of the English Eight	561
Fenton of the English Eight	559
Evans of a former English Eight Team	555
Dunlop of the London Scottish	551
Pigott of the English Eight	541
Young of the Irish Team	541
Glider of Harrow	534
Fraser of Cambridge University	525

A cable dispatch says: "The foregoing ten, with Lieut. Fenton of the Seventy-fourth Regiment and member of the Irish team (who is designated by Sir Henry Halford under his reserved right), should be the marksman to represent Great Britain at Creedmoor, from among whom the competing eight are to be selected after arrival in New York. But it is highly probable that Dunlop and Young will be unable to go on account of business affairs, in which case the two competitors next in order will be Peierkin, whose score was 521, and Smith, whose score was 517. Sir Henry Halford's score was 539, but he will not go as a shooting-man. Lieut. Fenton may find it difficult to obtain leave from his regiment in view of the political situation. The following staff will accompany the team: Col. Peel of the National Rifle Association, Col. Forsburg of the Indian Army, Capt. Rowlby of the Twentieth Regiment, Major Waller, Messrs. Thompson and Greenhill. Sir Henry Halford is confident that the scores made do not represent the ability of the men. He says that the weather and other circumstances have been adverse. The feeling found expression today among some of the competitors that the team would not fairly represent Great Britain, even if all those designated could go, as many crack shots of Scotland and Ireland, notably Boyd, Rose and McVittie, did not come to Cambridge. Sir Henry Halford himself seemed discouraged at the announcement that Messrs. Dunlop and Young would probably not go. He thought that this would so weaken the team as to insure defeat. Nevertheless, most of the successful marksmen appeared disposed to persevere in their preparations to go."

COMPETITIVE SHOOTING.—Two contests took place at Creedmoor, L. I., July 28, but in consequence of the absence on duty of prominent riflemen, whose regiments had been called out to aid in quelling the riots, and claim that the cross is a decided improvement on the English thoroughbreds carried to that country. Roarers are not to be found among them, and they impart compact, symmetrical, well-proportioned form, as well as excellent limbs..... Hugh Caffrey has purchased the gelding by Blarney-stone, dam Lucy Fowler, from H. P. McGrath, and will convert him into a steeplechaser..... By his will, the late Admiral Rous leaves to each of his five nieces, the daughters of the Earl of Stradbroke, £8,000, on attaining the age of twenty-one; to Admiral Rous's nephew, Lieut. Rous, £20,000 and £2,500 to his executors; a few legacies to servants; and his silver-plate testimonial, presented to him by the Jockey Club, to the Earl of Stradbroke. The effects were sworn under $400,000..... Mr. D. Swigert has lost his two-year-old filly Abigail, a full sister to Harold, from the effects of an injury received two weeks ago. She cost $520 at the Woodburn yearling s

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NATIONAL THEATRE.—We think the man who penned the words: "The world it went better, oh then, and oh then!" must have attended one of Tony Pastor's entertainments just before he sat down to write, and had the general effects in mind all the time thereafter. If there is anything in the world which will clear the cobwebs from one's brain and drive dull care away, it must be such an evening as was had at the Na'ional Theatre last evening. The entertainment is incomparable all the way through. There is scarcely an exception to this rule. The curtain rises on mirth and jollity, and fun runs riot to the close of the programme. There are few scenes in the whole funnier than that in which Frank Bennett is Cub, Nigordas, a mocking-bird, and Ole Bull. If anyone wants to see a violin played all to pieces they should see it. Delehanty and Hengler are at the height of burnt-cork art. The evening's entertainment culminates with Pastor himself, who is too well known in his line to need more than a mention. His closing song, with portrait illustrations of modern celebrities, brought the house down a score or more of times. Harris and Carroll, in their black-and-white specialties, are simply indescribable. Their camp-meeting hymns are worth a trip round the world. We will wager a penny to a prayer-book that they have been there, and while there they caught more than the manner of it. They have the very spirit, manner, fervor, zeal and all. We do not know what to say of Gus Williams. He is too comical for any use, and if he were any funnier would kill everybody. And yet he can drop to sentiment and win a tear as truly as he had previously provoked a smile. We do not know that more comical situations could be devised than some presented by Fields and Hoey. "The Musical Coons," Fancy two negroes playing telephone with a pair of bellows, a flexible tube and a penny-whistle, blowing exquisite music out of an old coffee-pot, playing opera-bouffe airs on cow-horns and cow-bells, concertinas and clarionets, and accompanying the sweetest of melodies with a fiddle-bow over the strings of a banjo. The Kernells give some sharp cuts each to the other, and Irish wit flashes between them like lightning between two thunder-heads. Watson and Ellis as the German team, in songs, dances, etc., are good performers and very comical. The shooting of the Austin Brothers is wonderful. With rifles they knock potatoes from each other's fingers, snuff candles, shoot the fire from cigars in the mouth, and all such things, very carelessly. Not content with this, they do the same things firing between the legs and with the gun bottom-side up. One lays his back over a stool and shoots a potato from the head of the other. Another turns his back to the target and shoots it from his brother's head, sighting by a looking-glass. Finally, at the same instant, each shoots a potato from the other's head at the word "Fire!" The final farce of "Dinklespiel's Blunders," in which Gus Williams appears in the title-role, is too much for any human being to endure without reaching the climax of excruciating laughter. Taken altogether, there has never been anything like it in the city. It is simply immense.—ENTERPRISE, Virginia City, July 3, 1877.

TONY PASTOR and his Vaudeville Troupe opened at the Bush-street Theatre on Monday evening. The company are most of them of considerable reputation, and are already known to the California public. The present entertainment has many elements of merit. The programme might with good effect be somewhat shortened. "Variety" entertainments should never exceed two hours in duration. The shooting of the Austin Brothers is a remarkable exhibition, and Fields and Hoey, the "music conjurers," are intensely amusing. The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. H. Dyring, is well managed.—SAN FRANCISCO MAIL, July 14, 1877.

BUSH-STREET THEATRE was crowded last evening. The entertainment was a long one, without any intermission, and thoroughly good throughout. The programme opened with a sketch, in which Frank Bennett did some most ludicrous burlesque acting. Jeppe and Fanny Delano followed in a couple of neat duets, changing their dresses and singing verses to suit the character. Gus Hengler received the warmest of receptions. They do a very amusing double song-and-dance, and were several times encored. Tony Pastor also was most heartily applauded on his entrance. He gave his usual budget of new and favorite songs, concluding with that of the Spectroscope, in which, as he sings, the portraits of a number of prominent men are thrown upon a screen by means of a magic light. Harris and Carroll came next, giving a short character-sketch, and making a quick change from white to black faces. Gus Williams' "Temperance Lecture" is unique, and called forth a great deal of laughter. Fields and Hoey performed on a most miscellaneous assortment of instruments, and interspersed their sketch with a great deal of fun. The Kernells did the funniest sketch of the evening. Their encounters of witty sayings and retorts were entirely new here, and provoked screams of laughter. Miss Clara Moore, who has a pleasant voice, gave several character-songs, and Watson and Ellis a very clever German sketch, making a rapid change and giving some very eccentric dancing. The Austin Brothers, with parlor-rifles, exhibited adroit feats of marksmanship, snuffing candles, firing at potatoes placed on each other's head, etc. The performance concluded with the farce of "Dinklespiel's Blunders." Mr. Pastor is to be congratulated on having got together such a completely good company. His reward will be crowded houses through his entire season.—SAN FRANCISCO ALTA, July 10, 1877.

TONY PASTOR and his talented company opened to a crowded house last night at the Bush-street Theatre. The great American favorite was warmly received, and has evidently lost none of his popularity. The programme was most diverse and interesting. We have not time for an extended notice of the performance at this moment, but must remark on the excellence of the shooting expedition of the Austin Brothers, which is more than marvelous, and the great improvement which has taken place in Gus Williams' Dutch performance since his last visit. Both in his "Temperance Lecture" and as Peter Dinklespiel he was irresistibly funny. There will be crowded houses at the Bush-street Theatre during the engagement.—SAN FRANCISCO MAIL, July 10, 1877.

BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—Tony Pastor's Troupe were greeted last night by an audience as large as the theatre would hold. He has gathered together a thoroughly good company, each of the performers having a specialty. Gus Williams is well known for the quaint humor of his Dutch characterizations. The Bennetts made a hit with their "Domestic Kitchen," and the Kernells (new faces) made a favorable impression. Delehanty and Hengler were warmly welcomed. Tony Pastor himself was received with great applause.—SAN FRANCISCO CALL, July 10, 1877.

BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—Tony Pastor's reappearance in this city at this theatre last night was marked by one of the largest audiences ever seen in the house. His company is certainly a thoroughly good one, and the performance entertaining. Gus Williams gave some of his Dutch songs and made a most amusing speech, and the Bennetts in their sketch of "Kitchen Domestics" were very funny. The Kernells, who are new to this city, proved themselves to be artists of a great deal of merit, while the Austin Brothers, in their feats of marksmanship, are simply wonderful. Delehanty and Hengler we were glad to see once more, as they were always favorites in this city. We do not suppose there is on the stage to-day a man better known than Tony Pastor himself, so we were not astonished at the reception which he got on his appearance. Want of space prevents as full a review of the performance as we would like to give, but all that we can say is that it was very satisfactory.—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, July 10, 1877.

TONY PASTOR and his company of variety artists are giving the best entertainment that we have ever had in this city. The crowded audiences nightly evidence its popularity. Two performances will be given to-day.—SAN FRANCISCO CALL, Saturday, July 14.

TONY PASTOR'S VAUDEVILLE TROUPE have had a most successful opening week. Tony evidently profited by his last year's experience, and this time brought a first-rate variety combination with him. Everything about the show goes like clock-work. The curtain is rung up at sight o'clock, sharp, and act succeeds act without a hitch until the green baize falls on the smiling audience it can go home. Of the many good things of the programme which we have not mentioned before, one of the most comical is the trapeze made easy by Frank Bennett, who, while suspended by a rope, does the most impossible tricks, rivaling Heller's Leotard. The tilt of wit and exchange of repartee between the Kernell Brothers keeps the house in a roar. For the incoming week nearly every act is new. Harris, Carroll and the Bennetts appear in "The Razor Mania," Watson and Ellis in "Dutchie in a Fix," Delehanty and Hengler in "I Trust You with My Wife," Harris and Carroll in "Pete Slave's Return," Tony Pastor in new songs, and Gus Williams and the Kernell Brothers in new specimens of their respective specialties. The Austin Brothers, whose marvelous marksmanship has been the subject of wide comment, will vary the chances of putting a pellet through one or the other's head. There is a fascination about this kind of an exhibition that is curious, and maybe it is bloodthirsty. Who has not heard the tale of the Frenchman who followed a lion-tamer all over the country for the chance of witnessing his death, but who on one unfortunate day was detained from the circus, and the unappreciative lion on that day closed his mouth, after a frown, with a man's head in it! The Frenchman went out and hung himself. We have not heard of anyone acting the part of the Frenchman to the Austin Brothers, but there is a buzz of expectation when their act is reached which tells of the shadow of a terrible fear and fascination that fastens upon their audience. This is the fatal shadow which it seems to us must follow them wherever they exhibit their skill. Not the least pleasing feature about the performance at this house is the manner in which the orchestra is led, and all the accompaniments controlled by Mr Dyring.—SAN FRANCISCO CALL, Sunday, July 15.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—One of the principal events of the week has been the appearance of the Tony Pastor Troupe at the Bush-street Theatre. Variety talent must be first-class talent, or it is worthless. Mr. Pastor furnishes a wide range of attractions, pays high prices for it, and gets the best in the market. Pastor's programmes are cleverly arranged. For those who like a song artistically done, Delehanty and Hengler are the ones to do it. Harris and Carroll are clever in their black impersonations, their camp-meeting business being excessively amusing. The quiet, effortless humor of Gus Williams in his Dutch character songs and funny sayings is marvelously enjoyable. To be enjoyed, humor must be spontaneous, and Mr. Williams' seems to bubble up and flow out from some hidden spring within him. The temperance-lecture has numerous changes and additions from last year's business, most of them improvements. Fields and Hoey are unique in their specialties. Clara Moore is one of the strongest features of the performance. Watson and Ellis in their songs, changes and eccentric dances are ever amusing, and the Austin Brothers perform nightly their astonishing feats of marksmanship—a lesson for sharpshooters. The performance is an excellent one, and an evening passed at the Bush street Theatre cannot fail to drive dull care away.—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, July 14, 1877.

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The Great Musical Phenomenons, Comic Dancers and Comedians.
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ROUTE AHEAD:—San Francisco, Cal., Bush-street Theatre until July 29, inclusive (being a much longer stay there, owing to the IMMENSE SUCCESS, than originally arranged); Oakland, Cal., July 30 and 31; San Jose, Cal., Aug. 1; Stockton, Cal., 2; Sacramento, Cal., 3, 4, 5; Salt Lake City, Utah, 8; Cheyenne, W. T., 10; Omaha, Neb., 13.
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COMMENCING IN OR NEAR NEW YORK MONDAY, SEPT. 10, 1877, VISITING ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.
NEW TRICKS, NEW SCENERY, NEW WARDROBE, NEW MUSIC, NEW PRINTING, ETC.
ALL COMPLETE AND FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.
Some of the leading features of this organization are
GRIMALDI, The Best Clown in America
MISS LOUISE BOSHELL.....PANTALOON
WM. EUNICE.....FAIRY QUEEN
GEO. ALMONTE.....SPRITE
For list of specialty artists for the above, route, etc., see future advertisement.
WANTED—A GOOD LADY SOUBRETTE. Must be pretty, dashing, single, and of known ability. Address at once, inclosing photograph,
W. J. GILMORE,
Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.
prompt attention, must be sent Business-manager Tony Pastor's Troupe.
Salt Lake City, Utah, up to July 30. Cheyenne, W. T., Aug. 10; Cincinnati, O., care Walnut-street House, Aug. 19 to 24; New York, up to Oct. 1.

THE METROPOLITAN
JOB PRINTING OFFICE
FURNISHES THE
FINEST THEATRICAL ILLUMINATED WOOD CUT PRINTING IN THE WORLD
FOR THE LOWEST CASH PRICE
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WALL'S DRAMATIC BUREAU
14 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
(Ground floor of Union-square Hotel. Office hours, 9 until 5.) BUSINESS TRANSACTED WITH EVERY REPUTABLE MANAGER, STAR, COMBINATION AND STOCK ARTIST IN THE UNITED STATES.
MARK EDWARDS, Agent and Secretary. (Late) HORACE WALL, Proprietor.

EMERSON'S OPERA-HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
WM. EMERSON.....Proprietor and Manager | C. S. FREDERICKS.....Stage-manager
Patronized by the Wealth, Fashion and Elite of San Francisco.
STARS AND SPECIALTY ARTISTS DESIRING DATES, PLEASE ADDRESS
12-26-tf NAT. HOMER, Treasurer and Business-manager.

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ARTISTS OF ABILITY, DRAMATIC STARS AND COMBINATIONS DESIRING DATES, address as above, stating LOWEST TERMS. NO FANCY SALARIES PAID. All letters answered promptly.
BEN COTTON, Sole Proprietor.

PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE,
CINCINNATI,
AGAIN OPEN FOR DRAMATIC AMUSEMENT.
COMPLETE SCENERY AND STAGE APPOINTMENTS. For terms, etc., address L. P. THOMPSON, Manager.
19-tf Lockbox 678.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
WANTED,
A WELL-KNOWN COMEDY OR MINSTREL TROUPE to engage for first week in September next, to perform in New City Hall, Marietta, O., during Soldiers and Sailors' National Reunion. Seating capacity of hall, 1,500. Address, with terms and full particulars,
19-1t* R. B. HOOVER, Secretary, Marietta, O.

IMPORTANT.
MARTIN
OPERA-HOUSE,
ALBANY, N. Y.
This popular place of amusement will be closed until about the 20th of August, during which time it will be
REFITTED AND REFURNISHED
in first-class style. The parquet will have
900 UPHOLSTERED CHAIRS,
200 of which will be
ELEGANT OPERA FOLDING-CHAIRS,
the interior and exterior handsomely frescoed and painted, dressing-rooms refurnished, etc., etc.
Notwithstanding the large outlay attending these improvements, the
RENT HAS BEEN REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.
It will be rented to only first-class combinations. For open dates and terms address
THEO. MOSHER,
AGENT,
18-4t MARTIN OPERA-HOUSE, ALBANY, N. Y.

1877 AND SEASON 1878
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